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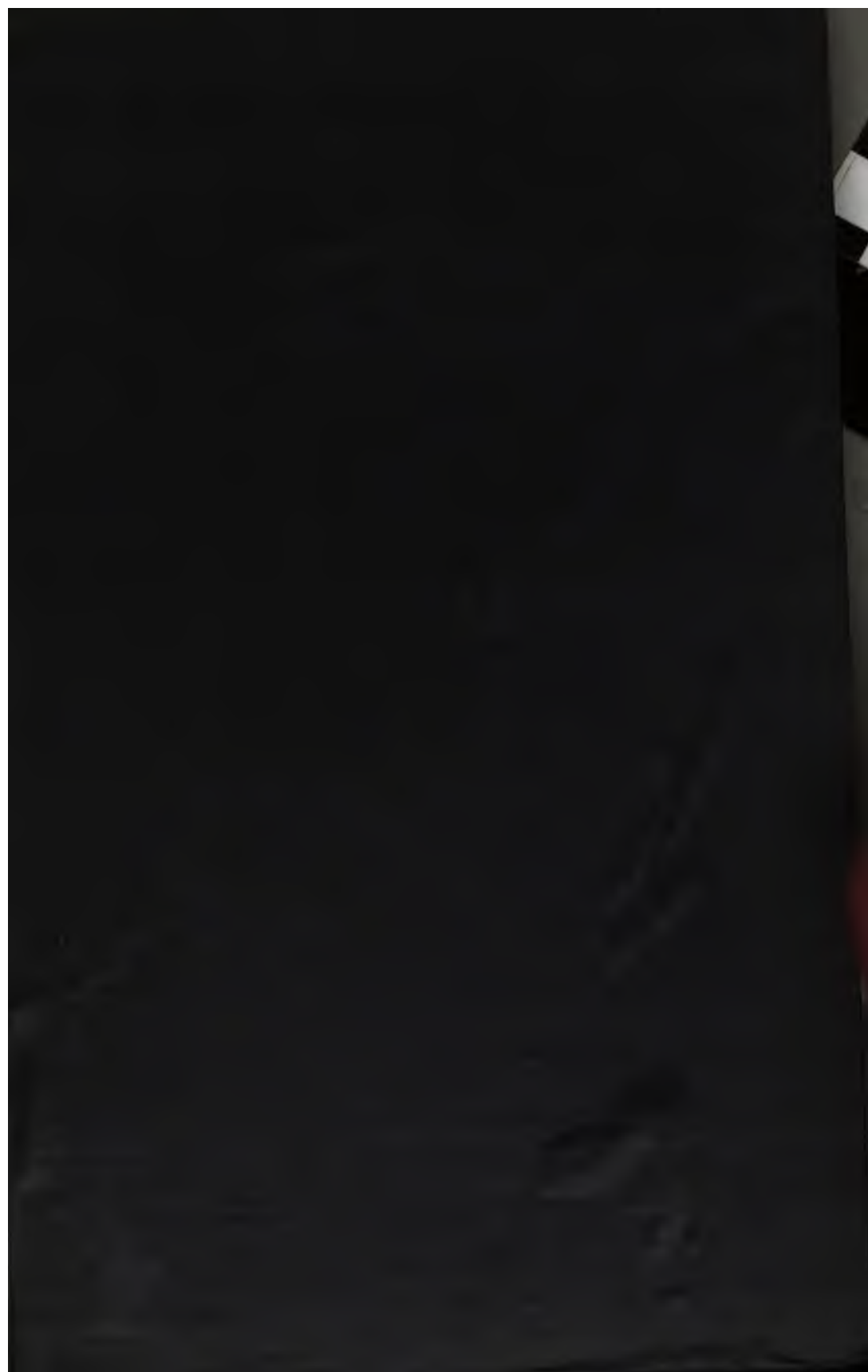
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## EXORDIUM.

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HAVING been induced, from motives which particularly concerned my own personal honor, to publish, last year, a small volume of poems, entitled "THE ECCENTRIC," the flattering manner in which they were received, not only by my brother Eccentrics, but also by private Gentlemen, has prompted and emboldened me again to offer my humble Muse to public notice; trusting, at the same time, it will meet with a favourable reception; and that critics will not be too severe, but take the will for the deed; as the sole object is more to oblige and please my most dear and intimate friends, who have been very solicitous for its publication, than to gratify any vanity on my part, or pecuniary consideration derived therefrom.

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

With great diffidence and respect,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*Grafton Street,  
Fitzroy Square.*

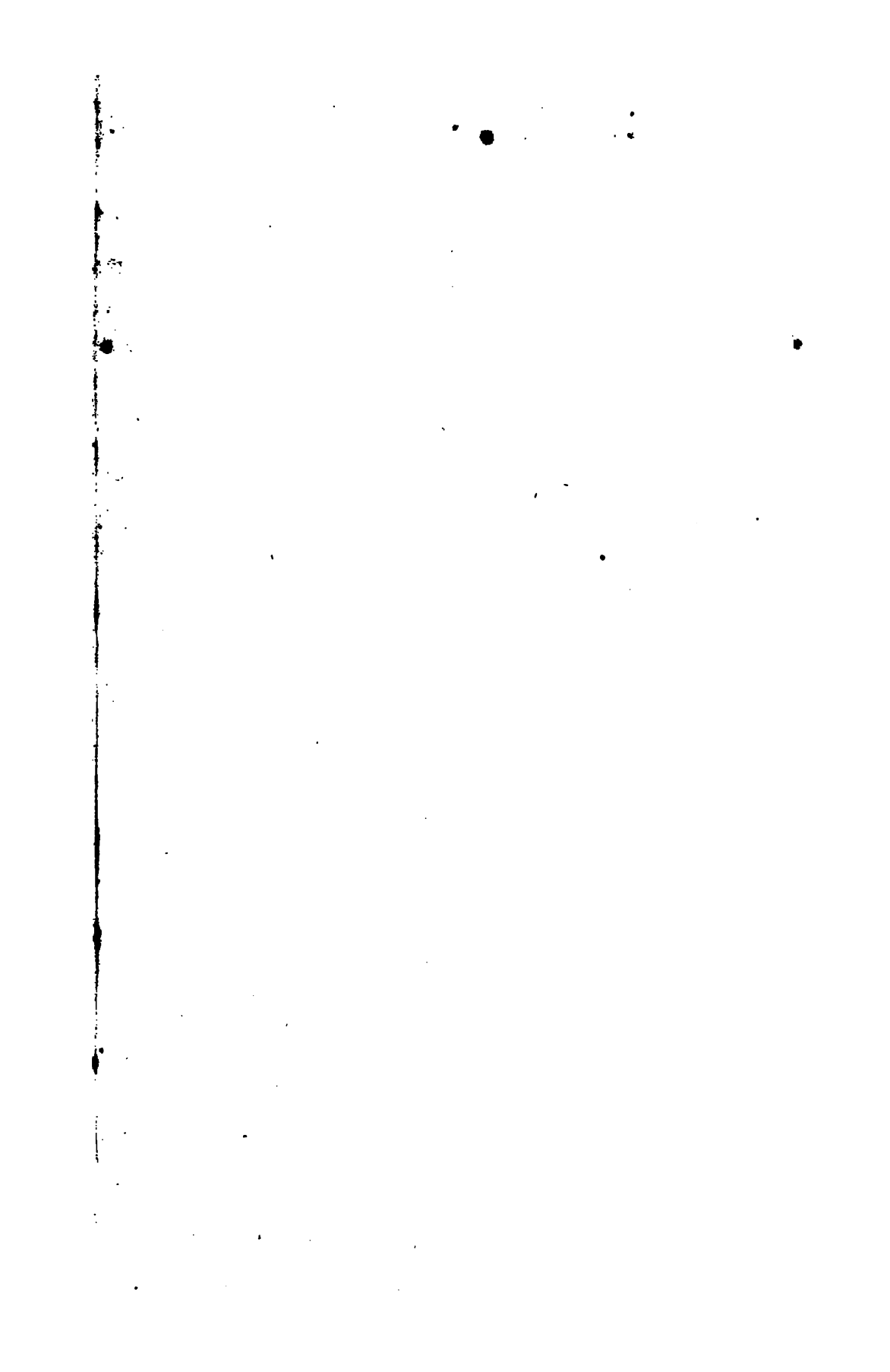


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14/1830

AN OLYMPIC ROMANCE,  
ENTITLED THE  
WHIM OF THE BRAIN;  
OR,  
*The Force of Imagination.*

A SATIRE ON THE WORLD,  
TO LASH THE VICE AND FOLLY OF THE AGE;

REPRESENTED BY EMBLEMATICAL CHARACTERS FROM  
HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

BY  
GEORGE WEGUELIN, GENT.



Satire's a pruning knife, so sharp and keen,  
So fine its edge—it seldom should be seen,  
Unless in language giving no offence  
To learned men, or men of common sense :  
In trope, similitude, or metaphor,  
To make it palatable to the ear—  
For, otherwise, it loses its effect—  
Defeats the purpose meant it should correct.  
Its object is to cut and clear away  
The baneful weeds of vice in folly's day ;  
But yet with cautious hand, lest we destroy  
The shoots of virtue, rising into joy.

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## IMAGINATION.

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ONE fine serene summer's evening, as the sun was fast approaching the horizon, and the heavens were beautifully illumined with a vermillion radiance, inviting man, for the benefit of health and relaxation, to quit the busy scenes of life for a while, and partake of the tranquillity and fragrance of the field. Being then at my country seat, inclination led me to take a solitary walk in my park; but whether to my grot, situate in a romantic labyrinth of evergreens, or otherwise to my sylvan temple, commanding from its eminence a delightful prospect of the surrounding country, I was undetermined; both being equally agreeable and desirable, as a solace either to a recluse for study, or a man of pleasure to relax. At length the latter predominated, and as I passed along over the velvet lawn to the grateful bowery shade of lofty elms, the songsters of the grove were rivalling each other in sweet notes of gratitude to their divine Benefactor and Protector, whilst the soft refreshing zephyrs played around my head,—waving in gentle motion the tender spray, and gave to the enamelled carpet of the mead the acme of perfection and salubrity. Bless me, said I,

What a lovely paradise is this,  
To live on earth as tho' in bliss!

Meditating on the beauties of nature—the wonderful works of the Great Creator—who, by his mighty power, at his word, formed this grand stupendous fabric from out of chaos, for the benefit and pleasure of his too disobedient and discontented creature—man; who pays so little reverence and respect to his infinite wisdom and goodness; and who, so far from being dissatisfied and repining at his lot—placed as he is in a garden of abundance and felicity—ought to be most particularly thankful and happy, and extol and revere his Holy Name, for the innumerable blessings which he showers down from his celestial throne, in due season, for the relief and support of the universal globe.

These and other reflections threw me into a contemplative mood, and being arrived at my charming bower, which Flora had bedecked with her choicest favours, I sat down to enjoy the delightful landscape before me; when I became so enamoured with my rural incognitum, that I was almost determined in my mind to pass the remainder of my days in solitude. Where in a retreat so agreeable—

The man retired from worldly cares  
Has nothing to alarm his fears.

But, gracious powers, how transient are the joys and pleasures of this life! And how frequently the expectations and senses of man take flight from those objects that lull and captivate the heart into a state of enthusiastic ecstasy of delight, to others as diametrically opposite as light is to darkness, or as the gay and bustling metropolis is to the most wild and uninhabited part of the universe.

Such indeed was the illusion that took possession of

my mental faculties ; for, in an instant, as if by magic, my terrestrial pleasures were hurried away by an impetuous impulse of fancy, on the wings of Pegasus, from my peaceful bower to the renowned Mount of Olympus ; where, methought, tired with my journey, I fell into a profound sleep. But my roving spirit did not long remain in a state of torpor ; for my mind's eye, ever active, was immediately opened to scenes more brilliant and enchanting than had ever been witnessed by my natural ones. A new world now presented itself to my view, of the most splendid and magnificent description ; in the centre of which stood, pre-eminently majestic, the kingdom of mighty Jove. Gods and Goddesses were promenading in groves of golden fruits, and gardens of delightful flowers. Other Deities were hurrying to and fro as though on missions of importance. Nymphs were bathing and sporting their angelic shapes in fountains of pure crystal. Sylvan Gods and Satyrs were piping and dancing in airy rings, whilst Bacchanals were carousing rich nectar that flowed in copious streams from rocks of alabaster. In brief, what with the voluptuous scene before me—the gay and festive song—the sprightly dance—and the melodious and transporting music—my enraptured heart was led captive, and convinced me I could be in no less a place than the happy Garden of Eden, or the celestial Fields of Elysium.

As here absorb'd in Somnus' arms I lay,  
Morpheus reign'd with visionary sway.

Pleased with so extatic a spectacle, I became anxious to join those happy spirits ; when, at that instant, I received a gentle tap on my right side, which roused me in my celestial delirium. Turning quickly round, to



see from whence it came, my astonishment may be more easily conceived than expressed, at the grand and awful phenomenon which struck my wondering sight. A lovely divinity, in the full bloom of youth, stood before me, clothed in a loose mantle, white as snow, down to her feet, which were shod with golden sandals, fastened by diamond latches. Her face resembled the sun in its full splendor; with beautiful auburn tresses, flowing in artless ringlets over her angelic shoulders, that were guarded with burnished armour to her waist. A golden helmet, surmounted with a rich plume of ostrich feathers, adorned her head; a brilliant shield blazed on her left arm; whilst her right hand held out to me a golden spear, as a token for my approach.—Reader, whatever thy sensations might be at such a moment, I know not; but as to my own, I became motionless and dumb. The sudden surprise occasioned by the sight of so majestic a personage—whose full penetrating azure eyes shot through me like lightning—had so powerful an effect over my whole system, that animation was suspended for a time, and I remained as immovable as a statue—cold and senseless:

I saw—but, like an image, inanimated stood:

The spectre chill'd my frame, and froze my blood.

I would have given the world, had it been in my power to have withdrawn from her presence. But, perceiving my fright or bashful timidity, in a soft and persuasive tone of voice, she said, "Fear not." At these words I took courage, and advanced, though with a trembling step, towards her: falling on my knees, I implored, in the most supplicating manner, her mercy and protection; when, taking me by the hand, with great affa-

bility and good nature, she bid me arise. Asking my name, residence, and business, I replied, they called me IMAGINATION; that I was a wanderer from the world; that I came not merely to satisfy curiosity, but to gain improvement. Then said she, "Fair youth, what is the summit of thy ambition? As thou hast had the good fortune to approach so near the gods, declare it, that I may give it thee." I replied, "The attainment of wisdom, learning, and virtue—that I may have it in my power to act with truth, and do justice to all mankind." Then said she, "Thou pleasest me well in thy request: would to the gods every one in the world were of thy disposition.

Then haughty, proud Ambition, would be crush'd;  
And all be wise, religious, charitable, and just.

"I am Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; and inasmuch as thou hast not asked for either riches, honors, or long life; all these will I give thee, besides thy request, and every other qualification the gods can bestow: and moreover, before I permit thee to return to the world, I will introduce thee to the presence of magnanimous Jupiter, and declare thy worth to his whole court. What thou hast seen, is nothing to what thou shalt hereafter behold: for to-night I will take thee to his splendid pantheon, where thou shalt receive the unanimous thanks of the gods for thy reward. There a grand annual ambrosial festival is kept in high revelry:

Gay Bacchus pours rich cordials from his hoard,  
And choice Pomona crowns the festive board.

"The various Gods and Goddesses return from their respective embassies, and having reported the result of their several missions, crown the night with mirth and



glee, drowning all care in goblets of the richest nectar. I preside over the whole assembly, except their Majesties; and they, although in that exalted sphere, pay the greatest respect and deference to my counsel; but having had little to do in the world, as the generality of mankind have set their faces against my wholesome statutes, I have returned expeditiously, in order to see that the entertainment is provided suitable to the dignity of the Gods." I was about to return her my warmest acknowledgments for her very polite attentions, when she prevented my paying her further compliments, by saying, with a look of kindness, "It is no time for us to linger—follow me;" which I instantly obeyed, and mounting her chariot that was in attendance for her reception, we were as swift as thought conveyed to the top of the mount, where

With admiration I survey'd the pile—

And gaz'd with wonder whilst her Godship smil'd.

Words are inadequate to express my astonishment at the first glance of so superb an edifice. A grand and lofty temple, with innumerable columns of beautiful marble, and dedicated in letters of gold to Jupiter—from whence the sumptuous fane of great Diana of Ephesus seems to have taken its splendid semblance.—A perpetual spring bloomed around, and the very air breathed perfumes odoriferous. I should have conceived, had it not been for my royal guide, I was transported to some fairy land, or enchanted by some necromancer's art; but she made light of it, telling me withal, if the external appearance had such an effect on my present ideas, what would it not have, when I was admitted into the august presence of Ma-

jesty, and the whole assembly of Deities. I replied, I hoped she would pardon my simplicity and inexperience, not having had the honor to soar so high before : the which, with a benign smile, full of tenderness, she immediately granted. The guards having announced our arrival, Jupiter instantly dispatched a magnificent aerial car, drawn by six high spirited cream-coloured winged horses, for our escort, guided by the good Genii, bearing flambeaus of delicious fragrance, and attended by the Muses and Graces, accompanied with a select band of music that Apollo had provided, playing in a most exquisite style of excellence as they came to meet us—Hail! mighty Imagination, our father and protector!—We were no sooner alighted from our chariot and seated in the car, than the procession began in a sumptuous and princely manner. The Nymphs of Flora strewing flowers and dancing in an angelic style before us, waving garlands in airy rings, and crowning us with chaplets of roses, whilst the celestial band transported my very soul, and raised it to the highest pitch of extacy, thus—

In princely manner through the clouds we fly,

Whilst clarions loud proclaim our approach is nigh.

Leading on, we entered a grand spacious court, by a most superb triumphal arch, built in the Corinthian style of architecture ; opposite to which, in corresponding elegance, stood a magnificent portico that led into the temple, decorated with trophies, banners, and escutcheons of most of the renowned Gods and Heroes of antiquity. At the entrance thereof, we alighted, amid the shouts and acclamations of the assembled Deities, who had come out to welcome us to their happy



abode. I was then ushered into the royal presence, and presented with all due form by my kind guide to their Majesties, who received me in the most affable and affectionate manner. Yet I must confess that, although I had witnessed so much attention and god-like splendor before, I was now struck with peculiar awe on entering into the presence of royalty, and the majestic solemnity and grandeur of the place, quite overcame my wonted spirits. But soon recovering from my embarrassment, I perceived Jupiter had laid aside his thunderbolts, and appeared with a pleasing mien, instead of the terrific countenance my timid fears had portrayed to me, the which my guide informed me was in consequence of my paying him a long wished for visit. After many compliments had been exchanged, and I had received the fullest assurance of his inviolable attachment and regard, I was handed with great state by my former attendants to a grand seat that had been prepared for my reception and accommodation. But, immortal powers, how shall I describe the glory of my exalted station! My senses left me for a time and my head ran round, unused to such distinguished and weighty dignity, with excess of delight.

Thus, like a hero, to immortalize my name,  
I rose from grov'ling earth, to mount the throne of Fame.

At length, the gods being assembled, Jupiter ascended his throne with great pomp; and, in a most eloquent and impressive speech, thus addressed me: "Permit me," said he, "most illustrious stranger, for myself, and on the behalf of my brother gods, to congratulate you on your safe arrival in our remote domi-

nions, which thousands have attempted (the perilous flight) in vain to reach. We have oft beheld from our celestial regions, with feelings of great pity, their maniac-like attempts; but nought could save them, (so bent they seemed on their own destruction) till their temerity and folly was punished, like Bellerophon's, by falling headlong to the earth—there procumbent, never to rise again. But as it has pleased the Fates your career should be crowned with success, long may you remain amongst us, and be incorporated into our happy hierarchy. I therefore request, for myself, as also on the part of my brother gods, your acceptance of the freedom of our renowned pantheon; wishing you all health and happiness long to enjoy the felicity of so desired an union between us."

Jupiter having finished his congratulatory address, I arose, and, bowing most profoundly, first to the throne and then to the whole assembly, returned them my most sincere and unfeigned thanks for the high and distinguished honor they had so munificently conferred upon me. Swearing by the sacred alliance concluded between us, never to desert or debase so august an assembly; but that I would always, to the uttermost in my power, endeavour to merit their high gracious condescension and esteem. As soon as I had concluded my grateful acknowledgments for the favors conferred, an universal shout of approbation ensued.

Here loud applauses ran throughout the throng,  
And all was mirth, hilarity, and song.

I had now an opportunity, during an interregnum of some forms of court, to examine more minutely the interior of this grand and wonderful edifice, with all its



peculiarities, manners, and customs ; of which the following is but a faint description.

This hall of audience, or court of the gods, in the magical temple, or palace of mighty Jove, which seemed to float on the azure surface of the clouds, was a most magnificent rotunda, whose walls were overlaid with burnished gold. Its lofty dome was supported by light fluted columns of beautiful alabaster ; the compartments between them were filled with sculptures of bronze and gold in bas-relief ; exhibiting the histories of the adventures and achievements of their most renowned gods and heroes : but the most remarkable, was a colossal statue of Jupiter himself in all his glory, when he subdued the Titans and the giants. Near to which, his sumptuous throne of ivory and gold was erected ; which far exceeds any description that I can give of its splendor, elegance, taste, and sublimity. He sat majestically thereon, arrayed in a superb mantle, with Juno, his lovely queen, by his side, in all the glow of youth and pomp of attire, crowned with a rich diadem of brilliants, under a princely canopy of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls, most tastefully diversified in wreaths and bouquets, representing Flora's captivating and enchanting bower. On this occasion, he held in his right hand his royal sceptre of cypress ; as he had given his thunderbolts in charge to his noble eagle, who stood at his feet with expanded wings, by way of state, to guard his golden shoes ; but farther, there was no necessity, as his countenance beamed with complacency and love. His brother Gods stood around him, according to seniority, clad in sumptuous robes of their respective offices. But those who had been on embassy,

had a preference of royal seats assigned them near his august person, and received peculiar marks of his royal condescension and attentions. In short, the grandeur of the spectacle was so truly interesting and attractive, and was rising more and more into importance every moment, that I shall sum up all further description at present, by saying

If you were there, this palace to behold,

You'd call me Midas, who turn'd all to gold.

By this time the royal synod had taken their respective seats. Each divinity that had been on embassy to the world, were attended by two companions or assistants, who had accompanied them in their mission, and who on this occasion had the honor of a seat on each side of their superior, as supporters. But it would have raised the risibility of a stoic, notwithstanding the grandeur and solemnity of the court, to have seen this droll motley group of Gods and their harlequin pageantry, which I should have continued more minutely my description of, had I not been drawn off from further remarks, by their immediate proceeding to business,—when

Silence being proclaim'd aloud to all,

Majestic stillness reign'd throughout the hall.

Jupiter now broke the solemn pause that had prevailed for some time, by a concise and elegant speech from the throne—in the following energetic appeal:—“Brother Gods,” said he, “I have here assembled you, according to annual custom, and trust you will not be found deficient in giving as good an account of your diligence and activity in your late missions, as on former occasions, as much for the unsullied stain of your own



honor, as for the glory and dignity of my crown. I therefore hope you will acquit yourselves with greater reputation, if possible, to-night, than heretofore; considering the high honor that is done us by our new ally from the world being with us in person, and that perchance we may never have that felicity again. It is therefore my particular wish and request that each of you conclude the narrative of your respective travels and adventures, with a poetical effusion, by way of creating mirth and good fellowship. By thus complying with my heartfelt desire, I shall ever consider you as my faithful and loving adherents, that are not backward in loyalty, duty, or obedience to your sovereign, who has, at all times, your welfare and interests at heart." Jupiter had no sooner finished his address, than Apollo, with his whole band, struck off in full concert,—the assembly chanting most melodiously—

"We shall not be wanting in affection or loyalty,  
If your Majesty will open our annual jubilee."

The call on the throne beginning to become clamorous, Jupiter, after a short pause, in which he bowed most gracefully to his royal assembly, returned a short complimentary reply, in these words:—"My royal companions and coadjutors, as it seems to be your unanimous desire I should commence the harmony of the evening, I will endeavour, to the best of my ability—

To please and pleasure you,  
Such as it is, you are welcome to."

Here followed a general burst of applause and approbation, which soon subsiding, Jupiter began the evening's entertainment and revels with the following pleasing invitatory congratulation, accompanied by the

rich selected band of Apollo; which played in grand style to every vocal performer, throughout the joyous night.

SONG I.

**Jupiter's congratulatory Welcome to the  
Gods.**

TUNE—"Sound the trumpet, beat the drum."

---

WELCOME every one of you,  
 To this our festive treat ;  
 May spite, nor malice, ne'er subdue  
 Our harmony and fete :  
 But let this night be crown'd with glee  
 And mirth for recreation,  
 By gods of every degree,  
 To please Imagination.  
 Hail ! hail ! hail ! hail, Imagination !  
 Hail ! &c.

Welcome, thrice welcome, ev'ry one,  
 From peace or war's alarms ;  
 From Gallic scenes, or rustic fun,  
 Or wanton lover's arms.  
 But let, &c.

May peace and plenty e'er await  
 The renown'd of Olympic story,  
 And future prospects stimulate  
 You on to deeds of glory :  
 But let, &c.

---

This Song was received with the loudest and warmest plaudits of approbation by the whole assembly, who rose simultaneously to sing a complimentary ode, in honor and praise of their king ; which immediately took place as follows.

## SONG II.

### *Adoration.*

TUNE—" *The Lamplighter.*"

---

LONG live our noble, gracious King,  
 Till time shall be no more ;  
 His praise and glory we will sing  
 To ev'ry distant shore.  
 And when our mount shall roll away,  
 Nought but heaven's high space to see,  
 We'll spend the rest of our happy days  
 With him in a new country.

---

The Gods and Goddesses, according to their seniority of rank, began now to give in an account of their various receptions in the world on their late missions. The first that had this honorable and distinguished preference was Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom—my most illustrious guide. She arose, with all the smiles of Aurora on her lovely cheeks, supported on her right by Themis, the goddess of Justice, and on her left by Diana, the goddess of Chastity; when, after paying her graceful respects to the throne, she addressed the assembly as follows:—

“Most wise and renowned Gods, at my first entrance into the world, I flattered myself I should have been received with open arms of friendship and love; and that a contention for the honor of my personal acquaintance and abode, would have ensued. But, to my great surprise and mortification, I had the greatest difficulty to find a resting place for the sole of my foot—the world being so wise in its own conceit, even from the prince to the peasant, that no one courted my assistance or advice. Accordingly, the short time I stayed on *terra firma*, I was obliged to wander about in disguise, to be enabled to bring back any information of the degeneration of human nature; and yet, at the same time, you would have supposed, from external appearances—the pedantic flourish and plausible sophistry that were in every one’s mouth—that myself and companions were in the highest favour and esteem. But all this outward show of regard, upon a more minute inspection, was only to serve them for a cloak to hide their gross ignorance, vice, and injustice from the world; as the world made use of me, in turn, to answer the same purpose



for themselves. So that after roving up and down till nature was nearly exhausted, and despairing of any success—as the generality of mankind being so blind of themselves, or so blinded by others, who pretend to know better—I and my companions took our departure immediately, leaving the world with indignation and disgust. As Wisdom, Truth, Virtue, and Justice are now more generally known by name than the practice.”

### SONG III.

#### **Folly.**

TUNE—“*Dimple Boy.*”

---

WISDOM now is quite a toy,  
 Hardly fit to please a boy,  
 As the world so wise is grown,  
 They would not let it be known,  
 If 'twere possible to be,  
 That they are in want of me ;  
 But though my precepts they despise,  
 I count them not so wonderous wise.

The time will come when they will say,  
 I wish I had but kept the day,  
 That wisdom's voice spoke in my ear,  
 But I would not attend nor hear :

Then I had led a happy life,  
 For courtezans had wed a wife ;  
 Been rich, respected,—whereas bad vice,  
 Has beggar'd and kill'd me in a trice.

Yet there are some who me adore,  
 And crave my counsel more and more :  
 The seven sage men of Greece, so bright,  
 Are worthy every sweet delight ;  
 They refus'd all worldly earthly toys,  
 In preference to grave wisdom's joys ;  
 So now let's praise them to the sky,  
 And immortalize their names on high.

---

The Goddess of Wisdom having resumed her seat, was immediately succeeded by Fama, the goddess of Report ; who, as she arose to pay her respects, appeared to have a brazen front of adamant, with a most insinuating tongue. Fabula, the goddess of Lies, was on her right, and Proteus, who possessed the power of transformation, on her left. When making her obeisance, with an arch look she began as follows :—

“ Most famed and potent Gods, the rumour of my arrival in the world had no sooner reached the earth, than Fame raised me to the highest pinnacle of glory. All the four quarters of the globe were for receiving me and my attendants at once. But, after due considera-

tion, I determined on visiting Europe, as the best calculated to exercise my powers of deception upon : and, indeed, I was not mistaken—as I found the nations perfectly ripe for any imposition to be practised on them—credulity being the ruling passion of the times : for so great is the natural propensity of the world for extravagant news, that all ranks and degrees would run from Dan to Bashsheba to hear a ridiculous tale, however absurd. Thus report never loses by circulation, but swells into importance from lies assuming ten thousand shapes, in its progress through the universe.

#### SONG IV.

#### *Credulity.*

TUNE—"Poll and my partner Joe."

---

I SCARCE into the world had popp'd,  
 My name was known so well,  
 Before such thousands round me got,—  
 More than my tongue can tell :  
 They gap'd and star'd—seem'd wonderous wise,  
 To hear what I had to say ;  
 And believ'd every word as quite suffice,  
 Such stupid elves were they.  
 For wisdom they appear'd to me just like an Essex calf :  
 In short, if you had but been there,  
 To have seen those apes grimace and stare,  
 'Twould have made your Godships laugh.

I turn'd the people's brain so much,  
 They believ'd that black was white ;  
 And every thing at my touch,  
 Whether in or out of sight,  
 Was magnified so wond'rous large,  
 From pebble-stones to rocks,  
 That at a pop-gun's loud discharge  
 The multitude would flock ;  
 To hear a tale of cock and bull, they'd run a-thirst nine mile.  
 In short, if you had but been there,  
 To see those boors grimace and stare,  
 'Twould have made your Godships smile.  
 At play-house, opera, ball, or rout,  
 So attractive is my name ;  
 When any simple thing's given out,  
 What thousands spread my fame !  
 Perhaps a bottle conjuror,  
 Or some such gross burlesque ;  
 A fire or a stone eater,  
 Their pockets for to frisk.  
 Thus from pole to pole the world by me is made a simple calf.  
 In short, if you had but been there,  
 To have seen those fools grimace and stare,  
 'Twould have made your Godships laugh.

---

The goddess of Report was succeeded by Mars, the god of War : his aspect was bold and terrific, exhibiting marks, in honorable scars, of great service. Mors, the goddess of Death, supported him on his right ; and Discordia, the goddess of Contention, on his left. After making an elegant military salutation, he addressed the royal court as follows :—“ Most powerful and generous Gods, so remarkably fond is the world of broils and contentions, that she is seldom without my interference to settle her differences, before order and tranquillity can be restored. I had no sooner entered the confines of the grand universe, than I found my powers and authority were necessary to be called into immediate action. The Kings of the Earth had risen up in hostility against each other, and their unruly subjects were in downright rebellion against them all ;—and all this uproar and confusion arose in consequence of Lucifer having diffused into the minds of the Nations, through the medium and industry of his devoted diabolical saint, Tom Paine, the baneful and infatuating notions of liberty and equality, which had spread like wildfire throughout the world, so that scarce a kingdom or state was exempt from its deadly intoxicating effects. I, therefore, became alarmed for the safety and welfare of that delightful and heaven-born spot, Old England ; whose laws, justice, religion, honor, commerce, and prosperity, are not only the nearest and dearest to my heart, but the admiration and envy of all the world. Fearing she might fall into the same delusive error with her neighbours, I hastened to watch her movements ; and was just in time to rescue her from the impending danger that seemed to threaten her very existence :

for St. George had reclined his spear; the noble and majestic lion no longer bristled his shaggy mane; and Britannia began to droop her head—to see her country, once so flourishing, the seat of arts and sciences, now hurrying on to the precipice of destruction. This roused my spirit to the highest pitch of indignation, at their vague and poisonous principles; and I instantly flew to the aid and relief of great George and his dominions; swearing by your majesty's most gracious goodness, never to abandon so sacred an isle,—the land of freedom,—in distress. I soon subdued his enemies, restored tranquillity and unanimity to his distracted empire, and carried the seat of war into the very bowels of those lawless powers that had so daringly begun their direful ravages and bloodshed—where War, Discord, and Death now walk hand in hand.

SONG V.

**The Ravages of War.**

TUNE—"Hark! the sound of the drum."

---

HERO Mars is the god  
 That's ready at your nod,  
 To deeds both valiant and glorious:  
 So powerful's his arm,  
 He fears no alarm;  
 All nations proclaim him victorious.

When tumults arise  
 To decide whose the prize,  
 I'm call'd in to quell the contentious ;  
 Then with cannon I thunder,  
 Whilst the world's struck with wonder  
 At my leaving the field so victorious.

Thus the universe to me  
 Is no more than a flea,  
 In comparison to strength so notorious ;  
 For if terror wont do,  
 Death then must ensue ;  
 That's the way Mars comes off so victorious.

---

The God of War was immediately succeeded by Concordia, the goddess of Peace ; who arose, with all the splendor and dignity of an eastern princess : she was attended by Felicitas, the goddess of Happiness ; and Plutus, the god of Riches : when, having paid her respects in the most graceful manner, and, presenting an olive branch, she addressed the assembly as follows :—

“ Most benign and pacific Gods, Rumour had informed me, long before I reached the world, of the deplorable condition of its inhabitants. All commerce was at a stand ; and nothing but rapine, murder, and devastation stared every one in the face. Prayers and petitions were, daily and hourly, devoutly offered up in



every place of worship, whether Christian or Pagan, throughout the vast universe, for my safe arrival and continuance. ‘Peace! peace!’ they cried, ‘may the Gods grant us peace on any terms!’ I soon discovered that all this fervor of supplication, and interestedness, arose in consequence of one Buonaparte, a bold enterprising Corsican adventurer, who had raised himself from an humble state to great arbitrary power; so that he not merely menaced, but was endeavouring to subjugate, the whole world—as nothing short of universal empire would content him. Vast nations, that had been mighty kingdoms and principalities, groaned under his cruel tyranny and oppression. At length his ambition and intolerance reached its summit, and became his woful downfall. Thanks to brother Mars for his valour, penetration, and philanthropy; for he was not to be cajoled and deceived by him any longer, though he made use of all the little arts he was master of to impose upon him; for he instantly saw what his intentions were, and therefore determined to defeat his purpose. Accordingly, on the ever-memorable plains of Waterloo, he abandoned his mighty host, and went over to the arms of the brave and valiant Wellington, and his faithful followers, just at the moment when he thought the palm of victory was about to crown him and his murdering marauders with immortal glory. As the Gods deserted Sisero, never to rise again, so he left him, for a time, to utter scorn and derision, to prolong his misery and despair. At this critical moment, I put the *coup de gras* to all his future prospects of ambition—by tempting him to flee to Bellerophon for succour; who wafted him, on his winged courser, prisoner to



Neptune's mighty castle ; where blustering winds and roaring seas continually unite to lash its adamantine walls—where Hope never comes, that 'comes to most : but there to pine away the remainder of his languishing days, for a fool, in spleen and anguish—as a warning to all posterity, and future tyrants, who may attempt to follow his career.—A friend he might have made me ; but as he, maugre, despised my love, and was my mortal enemy ; my peace I took from him, and gave it to the brave that prize my worth, with happiness and wealth. Thus the hardy veteran returns, rejoicing, to his native home in peace.

#### SONG VI.

### **The Return of Peace.**

TUNE—" *O'er the meadows, o'er the moor.*"

---

THE hero, tired of War's alarms,  
Returns triumphant from clash of arms,  
Where thundering canons cease,  
To embrace me with paternal joy ;  
As din of war no more annoy  
His happiness and peace.

The anxious wife, and children dear,  
Rejoice, awhile the trickling tear  
Falls from each lovely face,

To receive their father in their arms,  
 Who's now return'd from war's alarms  
 To everlasting peace.

With drums and trumpets I'm usher'd in,  
 And heralds proclaim me as their king,  
 For making war to cease ;  
 While they dance and sing from morn to night,  
 With harmony and sweet delight,  
 For having a glorious peace.

By me Joy reigns throughout the world ;  
 The sword is sheath'd—the flag is furl'd—  
 And War's dire ravage cease ;  
 Whilst health, and wealth, and length of days,  
 Crown every valiant warrior's bays  
 With happiness and peace.

---

The Goddess of Peace was immediately succeeded by Bacchus, the jolly god of Wine ; who, though a beardless youth, appeared to be so fat and bloated, he could hardly stand on his feet, or see out of his eyes, for his red swollen cheeks ; yet there was a vast deal of extreme good nature, whimsicality, and wit, about him, and his whole *tout ensemble* bespoke a jocular, merry fellow : and, indeed, I was not mistaken in my conjecture, the moment I heard his satirical hu-

mourous tongue. He was supported by his two gay pot-companions, Comus, the god of Laughter ; and Momus, the god of Raillery ; when, looking around with self-importance, " Brother rosy tippling Gods," said he, " you perceive I am more than half seas over, and I am sure you will not only excuse it, but say it is not to be wondered at, when you have heard my story ; for, really, it is next to a miracle I have the pleasure of seeing you this night. As the world is grown so exceeding fond of the juice of the grape, particularly since my last trip, that it is surprising I found my way back again ; having lived like a prince every day, since my absence : for so very desirous are its inhabitants of my company and those of my companions, that we have never been at a loss for an engagement the whole time ; as there is not an entertainment given, even from the king to the voluptuous citizen, that we do not preside at ; so that we rule the roast in all societies where mirth and good cheer are going forward. Nothing is now done for the benefit of the public weal, unless preceded by a grand cabinet carousal. No suit at law prospers, without I am consulted ; nor any divine ever climbs to a mitre, if he does not pay devotion to the bottle, as well as the church. But the finest and choicest fellows in the world for good living, are your rich fat cits of the east. O ! it would have done your hearts good, brother Gods, had you been there to have seen in what a glorious style of boosing we kept it up, this day, at my Lord Mayor's feast—how we pushed the claret and champagne about, and the jollity and glee that sparkled in every one's eye ; and but for a lucky incident which liberated us, we should have been there to this moment. But it so hap-

pened, about the latter end of the banquet, his Lordship was so overcome with the fatigues of the evening, from the peculiar attention he had paid to the pleasures and comforts of his illustrious visitors and friends, that, whilst a celebrated civic orator was on his legs, returning thanks for the high and distinguished honor the assembly had conferred on him in drinking his health; he eulogized so much, and expatiated so long, on the wealth, commerce, prosperity, and happiness of the most magnanimous, unrivalled city in the world; that not only the company began to yawn, but his Lordship sunk into the arms of Somnus, and so we stole away."

#### SONG VII.

#### *The Effects of Wine.*

TUNE—"Mrs. Casey."

---

I AM jolly Bacchus, god of Wine,  
 That crown each night with pleasure :  
 The world do homage at my shrine,  
 In profusion, without measure.  
 Dull care I wipe from mortals' brow,  
 Whatever be their ills ;  
 And there's not a soul on earth I know,  
 But love my liquid pills.  
 Thus the flowing bowl  
 Inspires each soul,

Whilst the toast and joke intwine ;  
 The songs resound,  
 All sorrow's drown'd,  
 By jovial bucks—in wine.

My shrine all ranks, with adoration,  
 Hail each festive day ;  
 But those who lull in contemplation,  
 Their foolish lives away :  
 Like misers or astronomers,  
 Who, were they but to taste  
 My wine, would damn their gold and stars  
 For being such senseless beasts.  
 For the flowing, &c.

The Beggar thinks himself a king ;  
 The Fop a monkey turns ;  
 The Buck for pranks is just the thing ;  
 The Coward's bosom burns ;  
 The Usurer's sordid mind is lost ;  
 The Quack forgets his fee ;  
 The Farmer fears no nipping frost,  
 But drowns all care in glee.  
 Thus the flowing, &c.

Thus every one I actuate ;  
 But most beyond their station ;



Whilst some with deeds I stimulate,

Of glory for the nation ;

So now let's sing, long live the king,

And ev'ry cheerful fellow,

That ne'er, like us, forgets the spring

That makes us always mellow.

Thus the flowing, &c.

The god of Wine was next succeeded by Pitho, the goddess of Eloquence ; who arose, with vast dignity in her mien, a sharp keen eye, like a hawk, and a tongue that would wheedle with the devil. Aspasia, a famous rhetorician ; and Ulysses, of renowned consummate wisdom, were her attendants. When, having gracefully made her obeisance to the throne, she addressed the learned synod as follows :—

“ Most brilliant, oratorical Gods, it gives me great pleasure to inform you, I am held in such high estimation in the world, that my assistance and influence is universally sought after, and admired by all ranks and degrees in life. Even the tinker engages me, if he can afford the expence to send his son to college, however illiterate he may be himself ; because, forsooth, Master Dickey shall be educated and brought up a gentleman ; so that, whether he turns out a scholar or not, he possesses sufficient impudence, too frequently, to despise his over-fond and indulgent parent, for his vulgarity

and ignorance. As Dick's feelings are so acute, and his ideas grown so refined and enlarged, his old father then becomes burdensome to him, as he is not fit company for a gentleman to associate with. There is likewise the dashing sprig, or booby of high birth and expectations : he goes to college for form's sake ; and afterwards makes the tour of Europe, under the appearance of my patronage and instruction, to finish his studies. But it is all mere ceremony, to give effect ; for in reality he returns the finished coxcomb, black-leg, and debauchee ; having only the externals of learning in his head ; which, upon a cursory observance, will be found to consist of frothy volubility, made up of superficial bits and scraps of Latin and Greek which he knows nothing of : as to etymology, not even so much as a country school-master. So that we have a great plenty of these fellows, these would-be Socrates and Demosthenes. I have, therefore endeavoured to distinguish between genuine merit and upstart pretenders to it, and reward it with my most cordial support ; for whenever I have found a gem, however latent or remote, I never let it remain in a dormant or inactive state ; but have always brought it forth to the world in due season. This has produced the many shining characters (to adorn the senate, the pulpit, and the bar) the universe has to boast of. At the same time I have laboured hard to steer between the two extremes, namely—not to over-educate the world ; for if all mankind possessed the same qualifications and accomplishments of mind, no one would be found to do a domestic or menial office for another ; and thus the world would fall into a second state of chaos."

## SONG VIII.

**Conceit.**TUNE—" *Dorothy Dump.*"

---

A FLOWERY tongue  
Like a bell goes ding dong,  
    So flippant and easy it pass ;  
But unless wit and sense  
Intwine, it's nonsense,  
    And the braying is just like an ass.

The fool bellows out,  
And makes a great rout,  
    And talks mighty big, in his glass,  
Of his sense and his wit,  
Though the devil a bit  
    Can be found in so stupid an ass.

Philosophers boast  
Of their sense ; though a post,  
    In a senate or seminary, pass  
Full as well as those sages,  
Who scoff at all ages,  
    And set the world down for an ass.



Now if you would be wise,  
 And I may advise,  
     Mind this maxim—you'll assuredly pass :  
 Never let your tongue walk  
 Too fast in your talk,  
     And you'll never be counted an ass.

---

The goddess of Eloquence having resumed her seat, was succeeded by Cupid, the amorous god of Love : but he, being rather a bashful boy, was accompanied and supported by his mother, Venus, the blooming goddess of Beauty ; and his brother, Hymen, the god of Marriage. He appeared quite a ruddy, chubby, dimple-cheeked, artless boy, (not much unlike Peter, the wild youth,) with his quiver at his back, and his bow in his hand : and though the world says he is blind, I never beheld a finer pair of eyes : and from the powerful auxiliaries that were with him, he soon threw off the mask, and became more playful, confident, and familiar ; when, bowing to the assembly, in a soft and effeminate tone of voice, he thus addressed them :

“ Most enchanting and transporting Gods, I doubt not but you will expect to hear I have had great success, and an excellent time of it, with the love-sick devotees of the universe ; but I can assure your Godships, the order of things is wonderfully changed to what they formerly were. Though my name is in as great repute and circulation in the world as ever, yet my powers are sadly prostituted and perverted from their original pur-

pose and design :—for now it is not virtue, strict propriety, and honorable alliance, that is courted, adored, and desired ; but almost every one follows the bent of his own wishes, as his propensity or inclination leads him. There are, to be sure, some few over-fond fools, now and then, that pay adoration to Hymen's altar, for love's sake ; but where a circumstance of that kind takes place, tens of thousands occur daily of an opposite character and complexion. I used to be prized and idolized as their choicest angel ; but now I am obliged, by mortals, to do all kind of drudgery and dirty work for them, and yet not apparently so to the eyes of the world ; and I am also abused and villified into the bargain. One calls me a sly devil ; another, a bewitching devil ; a third, a treacherous devil, and such-like names—that, in the mind I am in, I am almost tempted to swear never to visit the universe again, as there is scarce any sincerity or disinterested love now to be found amongst mankind."

#### SONG IX.

#### *The Pleasures of Love.*

TUNE—" *Jack at the windlass.*"

---

LOVERS call me sweet little Cupid,  
 And praise my beauty and parts ;  
 Though there's never a soul now so stupid,  
 But knows the effect of my darts.

Old and young I inspire the same ;  
 Though in choice not always alike :  
 Some love honor—some riches—some fame ;  
 Some beauty, some pleasures delight :  
 Thus I revel all day and night long,  
 With Bacchus, Venus, Plutus, and Mars :  
 But Hymen's no more than a song,  
 With the world, than a rush-light's a star.

A King loves power and fame ;  
 A Cobler loves comfort and ease ;  
 A Courtier, to catch all he can ;  
 A Physician, to finger the fees ;  
 A Maid, to get rid of a jewel ;  
 A Nun, her's to save, slits her lip ;  
 A Savage delights to be cruel ;  
 An Heiress gives *guardy* the slip.  
 Thus I revel, &c.

The Glutton loveth his belly ;  
 The Coquet, beauty and shape ;  
 The Critic appears wise, though silly ;  
 The Fool loves his tongue for to prate ;  
 The Sportsman, his dog and his gun ;  
 The Coward to bluster and swear ;  
 The Rustic loves humour and fun ;  
 The sharper all the world to ensnare.  
 Thus I revel, &c.

The Musician loves flattery and praise ;  
 The Dancing Master capers and twirls ;  
 The poor Poet loves whim all his days ;  
 The Hero, the flag to unfurl ;

The Divine loves translation and tithes ;  
 The Farmer a plentiful crop ;  
 The Jew loves a good season'd pie ;  
 And the Thief loves all but the drop.  
 Thus I revel, &c.

The Traveller distant climes loves to traverse ;  
 The Cit loves staying at home ;  
 The Fop goes for fashions to Paris ;  
 The Buck drives his buggy 'bout town ;  
 The Tar loves the roaring main ;  
 The Miser's soul is his pelf ;  
 The Warrior loves a great name ;  
 In fact, every one loves—himself.  
 Thus I revel, &c.

---

Mnemosyne, the goddess of Memory, next followed  
 the little god of Love, attended by Menosrho, a nymph  
 of unbounded recollection ; and Phaeton, the rash son

of Sol. She appeared so exceedingly absorbed in thought, as she arose to address the Gods and pay her respects, that I really imagined she would have said nothing that evening ; but I was agreeably surprised, when I heard her commence her narrative, by saying,—

“ Most profound and ruminating Gods, so extremely whimsical and changeable is the mind and imagination of man, that the faculty of recollection of what little remains in the world, is quite altered from that disinterested sincerity and cordiality which characterized and united all ranks and degrees, nations and kindreds, in the silken bonds of humanity and friendship : for now, not a vestige of recollection exists, but where interest is concerned. Thus all the base and sordid passions of the human heart are brought continually into action ; the main-springs of which are avarice, revenge, malice, envy and retaliation : which bad passions are always uppermost on every occasion, in most men’s thoughts, to take vengeance on their adversary, or set the world on fire by their feuds and folly. Whereas, were mankind to consider the heartfelt satisfaction they would experience, were they to perform the benign and heavenly office of philanthropy—to alleviate the widow and the orphan’s wants and sufferings—to cheer and heal the broken heart—and, finally, by being the peace-maker between man and man, restore again the golden age : but, alas ! I found, with all my exertions to produce so desirable an end, they were so incorrigible, I was still remote from my purpose ; as they possessed no sense of feeling one towards the other ; and, as such, I left them, with all their evil manners and customs, to their inevitable fate.”



## SONG X.

**Reflection.**

TUNE—"Desponding Negro."

---

WERE mankind to reflect they are all fickle men,  
 Possessing the same passions, and in folly a-kin ;  
 Then the lofty would humble, and not be so proud,  
 And Fame their great worth with joy sound aloud ;  
 Let health, peace, and plenty, crown their happy days.

Then the Rake would reform, and mend his past ways,  
 And the Miser no longer would hoard his soul's praise ;  
 Or the Trader, or Planter, like a savage would smite  
 His poor Negro brother, because he's not white ;  
 But health, peace, & plenty, would crown their happy days.

The Spendthrift no longer would by vice go astray ;  
 Or the juvenile Gamester be to black-legs a prey ;  
 But solidity would each disposition assuage ;  
 And reflection, in time, make the libertine sage :  
 Thus health, peace, & plenty, would crown each happy day.

Then all ranks and degrees would reflect that old Time,  
 Was swift on the wing, as youths' vigour decline ;

That old age, like a moment, soon came to pass ;  
 Would mind their wild lives, ere Time turned his glass :  
 Thus health, peace, & plenty, would crown each happy day.

---

The goddess of Memory was instantly succeeded by Aurora, the goddess of the Morn, attended by Agenoria, the goddess of Industry, and Salus, the rosy goddess of Health. She arose, indeed, most angelically to pay her respects to the throne ; bedecked with all the colours of the rainbow, but more brilliantly resplendent around her lovely head ; her breath as she spoke, to address the royal court, (which she did with great pathos,) diffused heavenly perfumes.

“ Most ethereal and divine Gods,” said she, “ be it known to you, I no sooner begin to re-visit the world, and unbar the gates of light, than the sable veil of night, flies swift before me, like a mist, and all nature is gay. Sol mounts his glorious chariot, and proceeds on his daily journey around the mighty globe, to re-animate and invigorate the vegetable kingdom ;—the dew-drops disperse from off Flora’s charming bower ;—the sweet warbling lark soars aloft on airy pinions light, to sing his matin song ;—the sprightly horn calls the sportsman to the chase ;—the dairy nymph, with ruddy cheek and nimble heel, goes briskly on to milk her kine ; whilst the whistling ploughboy drives his team a-field. Meantime, the drowsy inhabitants of each town and village begin to bestir themselves in their various occupations or pleasures, like bees that swarm. To be brief :

'tis me that gives life and animation to all mankind, I cheer their drooping hearts, and give them health and spirits to pursue, with indefatigable industry, their respective pursuits. How grateful, then, ought man to be to Heaven, for the inestimable gift of light—the smiling rosy morn!—without which, industry would be at an end, and the world no longer exhibit its salubrious and enchanting appearance; but all would be one universal blank.”

## SONG XI.

*The Rosy Morn.*TUNE—“*Batchelor's Hall.*”

---

No sooner dawn peeps, than the new-born day  
Invites the whole world, without further delay,  
To partake of its riches, the pearl of the morn;  
Ere Phæbus dissolve it from off the rough thorn.  
Come, ye slothful, ye gay, ye merry and wise,  
You'll have health, rosy health, which excels ev'ry prize,  
For your pains; see the rustics that trudge through the vale,  
Or the sportsman's blithe visage—there's few half so hale.

The hounds in full cry, make the vallies to ring,  
While the sweet-warbling larks in the atmosphere sing;  
Or the ploughman is chanting a rough roundelay,  
As he strides o'er the clods to his Queen of the May.

Come ye, &amp;c.

The warrior rejoices in the morn to attack  
 The bold daring foe, if he makes him fall back ;  
 Or Miss, who by *guardy* is closely confined,  
 If the farrier, at Gretna, the lovers safe bind.

Come ye, &c.

The lawyer and doctor know no pleasures like these ;  
 Their principal pleasure's to finger the fees ;  
 Or the rakes, that in riot and debauchery roll ;  
 Or the muckworm, whose dross is hid in his soul.

Come ye, &c.

Thus having describ'd you the pursuits of mankind ;  
 Though there's plenty I know that are still left behind ;  
 But those, like the rest, little pleasure enjoy,  
 Being pent up in cities—health's bane and alloy.

Come ye, &c.

---

Vertumnus, the god of Spring, next followed the goddess of the Morning : he arose with a cheerful and animating countenance, that denoted the glow of health and vigor of youth, supported by Flora, the goddess of Flowers ; and Pan, the chief of the rural deities ; when, having paid his respects in a rustic style, he thus began :—

“ Most rural and renovating Gods, as soon as I make my appearance to the world, all nature rejoices at my



approach : the trees put forth their variegated foliage and enlivening blossoms, and the verdure of the earth is bespangled with delightful flowers ; the little innocent lambs skip and play, and the heart of the shepherd is glad ; whilst the feathered songsters' carol their melodious notes to my praise throughout every village and grove. Agriculture now commences her laborious task for the benefit of man ; the lads and lasses, with garlands, celebrate my arrival by rural sports and dances upon the green : even the poor sweep, to show his gratitude and joy, is dressed like a 'squire of higher degree. The men in office, and the men of fashion, now whirl off and eagerly quit the smoky town for the charms and sweets of the country—the one to dissipate the heavy ennui of mental fatigue—the other to recruit health, enervated in Circe's cup of Pleasure : whilst the sober citizen, with his family, goes by the steamer, to take a dip in Neptune's bath. The gardens now teem with the most delicious marrow of the vegetable kingdom ; whilst Flora unites her powers, not only to please the eye, but regale the olfactory nerve with her odorific and beautiful bouquets. Pan brings up the rear, and crowns the summit of their bliss with the bewitching melody of his reeds. In short, unless man were entirely divested of gratitude for the innumerable gifts which Heaven perpetually showers upon him, how happy ought he to be !—his heart should dilate with joy, and his eye sparkle with delight, when Nature has so bountifully lavished her choicest stores to charm every sense—

And make him ev'ry year to sing  
The beauties of the coming Spring.

---



## SONG XII.

**The Cheerful Spring.**TUNE—" *Spanking Jack.*"

MANKIND is as glum and as stupid as asses,  
 As though, Atlas-like, the world was on their back,  
 Till Vertumnus appears ; when the rejoicing surpasses  
 A king's coronation for splendor and eclat.  
 With music and dancing they welcome him in ;  
 And every eye is glad to behold  
 The lovely green enchanting Spring  
 Succeed old hoary Winter's cold :  
     Thus all nature looks gay ;  
     The birds sing and play ;  
 And ev'ry heart its joy doth unfold.

No longer the stag flies wretched forlorn,  
 Or poor puss from the copse starts forth in a fright ;  
 The rabbit and partridge lay snug in the corn ;  
 All basking with joy and excess of delight ;  
 Whilst the nightingale sweet warbles forth her rich song,  
 To enrapture the soul of the young lovely swain.  
 Or the herdsman, while driving his cattle along,  
 Chants blithe his rough lay to fair Kate of the plain.  
     Thus all nature is gay ;  
     The birds sing and play ;  
 And ev'ry heart its joy doth proclaim.

The blossoms of May soon bring forth their fruit ;  
 And fragrant flowers the earth does adorn ;  
 The shepherd, while tending his flock, plays his lute  
 To the merry hay-makers who dance round the thorn.  
 Thus man, if he enjoys sweet peace of mind,  
 Is bless'd to excess in Paradisiacal wealth—  
 With every luxury for nature combin'd,  
 With gay Spring, gives the world the enjoyments of health.  
 Thus every heart  
 Its bliss doth impart,  
 That relishes pure nature in preference to pelf.

---

The god of Spring was no sooner re-seated, than Pomona, the goddess of Fruits and Autumn arose, attended by Ceres, the goddess of Harvest ; and Mellona, the goddess of Honey. She appeared to have lived on the fat of the earth ; her whole person being one composition of corn, wine, and oil ; when, having made her obedience, she spoke as follows :—

“ Most paternal and bountiful Gods, my appearance in the world is anxiously looked for every year, by all mankind ; as their subsistence and existence depends entirely upon my will and pleasure. What are the perfections and qualifications of Winter, Spring, and Summer, to compare to my pretensions in the eyes of its inhabitants ? Not so much as a grain of sand to the globe. No sooner is my arrival known to the grand universe, than the farmer's heart leaps for joy, to see his yellow

fields wave with plenty, and his orchards and gardens swell with most delicious fruits : even the industrious bee, who has toiled hard all the Summer, to extract from every flower of the valley its balsamic sweets, yields up to man the produce of her labour. The huntsman's bugle horn now winds with unremitted ardour, whilst the bold stag, fox, or timid hare, flies in all directions from the cry of the hounds. The poor birds, quaking with fear, hide themselves in every bush and break, from the ravages of the fowler ; who, with his brother sportsmen, returns triumphantly with the spoils of the field, to the squire's carousing box :—there smokes the glorious haunch, and all is jollity, wit, and glee ; assisted by Sir John Barleycorn and his potent companions, Cyder and Perry. Thus like jolly Bacchanals, with spirits light and gay, they dispel the shades of night, till lovely Phœbus calls them from the festive board, to renew the chase again. What then can compare to the sweets of delicious Autumn, when she showers from her cornucopia on exhausted Nature the riches of her store, and crowns with peace and plenty the cottage door ?”

### SONG XIII.

#### **Delicious Autumn.**

TUNE—“ *Sweet Robinet.*”

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As soon as dame Autumn descends from the sky,  
 All nature rejoices her approach is so nigh ;  
 The heart of mankind is elated with glee,  
 To see all his toil crown'd with plenty by me.

The antler'd fleet stag now flies from the copse ;  
 Or the timorous hare, or bold cunning fox ;  
 Yet though for a time afore the hounds head the field,  
 In the end their sad lives must to the sport yield.

The poor frighted partridge, like a maid, flies from harm  
 To some remote vale, or far distant barn,  
 From the aim of the fowler, who takes great delight  
 To kill all the birds in amusement—not spite.

The farmer prepares a rich harvest feast,  
 To regale all his workmen like kings of the East ;  
 Not forgetting his neighbours, who rejoice, dance, & sing,  
 Success to Pomona as well as their king.

Thus the summer, tho' sweet, can with me nought compare;  
 Nor shape, wit or beauty, though ever so fair ;  
 For I fill each happy heart with joy from my store,  
 And make the soul glad—can your Godships do more ?

---

The goddess of Autumn was succeeded by Atlas, the mighty god of Strength ; who was accompanied by his two gallant robust companions, Hercules and Perseus. His stature was the most gigantic and powerful that conception can paint, or imagination conceive.



When, bowing profoundly to the assembly, with stentorian lungs he spoke as follows :—

“ Most mighty and wonderful Gods, at the period when I first visited the world, the race of men were giants, renowned for war, for wisdom, and valiant heroes from their youth. It was no uncommon exploit in those days, for a handful of men putting a whole army to flight ; and it is on record, of one man slaying a thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass ; and of another, whose soul was bigger than himself, killing an enormous giant with a stone. But now that heroic and marshal-like spirit is extinct, or changed in the world, for the worse : for the race of mankind, in general, is degenerated into mere boisterous bravadoes, or insignificant effeminate fops ; who have the arrogance to think themselves all-sufficient in their vain ideas, and that they require no assistance from me—supposing their strength and valour consists in the situation of life they have had the good fortune to possess ; such as noble hereditary descent, or vast wealth ; when, in reality, they have no pretensions to either distinction from their own merit ; but those high honors and large fortunes have fallen to them by mere accident of birth, without the least superiority in talent, or exertion of faculty.—There was a warrior in Queen ———’s reign, who, by his valiant prowess, raised himself to princely rank ; but his descendants now possess nothing of his high military attainments and immortalized glory ; and are only known from the rest of mankind by the name, title, and domains. Thus I leave your Godships to judge of the state of the universe at present ; as its inhabitants depend more on their own arts and cunning, as the prin-



cial source of strength to carry them through the world  
than magnanimous and heroic deeds."

SONG XIV.

**Every one's Bulwark.**

TUNE—"O lord, what a place is a camp!"

---

THOUGH I inspire mankind with strength,  
 Brother Mars with it nought has to do ;  
 Yet every one goes his length,  
 But at fighting they look rather blue.  
 Their principal might is their vice,  
 And bulwark of country or port.  
 Thus in manners they're not very nice,  
 For folly's their general forte.  
 Sing fol de doll, &c.

The Englishman's strength's wooden walls ;  
 The Irishman's, swamps and bogs ;  
 The Welchman's high hills exceed all ;  
 The Frenchman's, soup meagre and frogs ;  
 The Spaniard's, gold and rich mines ;  
 The Scotchman's, crowdy and clans ;  
 The Turk's, a seraglio divine ;  
 The Dutchman's, hollands and dams.  
 Sing fol de doll, &c.

The Rich Man's strength is his purse ;  
     The Poor Man's, labour and pains ;  
 The Reprobate's is a curse ;  
     The Malicious, his ends to obtain ;  
 The Beau puts his strength in his dress ;  
     The Parson, in livings and tithes ;  
 The Widow, a new husband to press  
     Her fair hand, and dry up her eyes.  
                     Sing fol de doll, &c.

The Glutton's strength is a dinner ;  
     The Physician's strength is a fee ;  
 The Religious bigot's a sinner ;  
     The Bacchanal's, liqueur and glee ;  
 The Conjuror's, lies and deception ;  
     The Youth's in folly and whim ;  
 Thus the world is full of defection,  
     But Time makes them all very grim.  
                     Sing fol de doll, &c.

If I were them all to describe,  
     I should have enough more to do :  
 Let what's said suffice for the tribe ;  
     I hope you will think so too.  
 Were they but good maxims to mind ;  
     Place their strength in great Jove, not themselves ;  
 To vicissitudes of life be resigned ;  
     They'd not be such wandering elves.  
                     Sing fol de doll, &c.

The god of Strength was immediately succeeded by Apollo, the sublime god of Music and Poetry. He appearing very young and handsome, and crowned with laurel: he had only his lyre with him, having laid aside his bow and arrows. His two musical brothers of great notoriety, Orpheus and Amphion, accompanied him when giving two or three enchanting touches on his harp, by way of prelude; at the same time gracefully bending in obeisance, he spoke as follows:—

“Most harmonic and captivating Gods, since the unfortunate circumstance, the other day, in the which I fell under the displeasure of my royal parent, and was banished his benign presence for a time, I hope and trust, from the narrative I shall be able to give of my travels and success in the world, that he will be graciously pleased to reinstate me in his noble favor, and also in the good opinion of his magnanimous court; and it will be the study of my future life to merit the high condescension. You well remember, brother Gods, the tremendous and terrific fall I had—at least, I shall, as long as I exist. The welkin resounded like thunder, and the globe shook and quaked again. At first, I thought it was my father’s vengeance pursuing me: but I soon recovered from my panic, when I found myself safe landed on *terra firma*. Being convinced the echo and vibration proceeded from the velocity with which I passed through the airy region. Well, I had the good fortune (for such I must express it) to alight in a rude uncouth part of the world, amongst people of very simple habits and manners, whose principal occupation consisted in husbandry, and attending on cattle. At

first, no one would have any thing to say to me, but stared with astonishment and fled :—and, indeed, well they might, when they saw me drop from the clouds. I begged, petitioned, and implored ; but all to no purpose : at last, I bethought myself of my last and only resource—the charm and power of music over the human mind. I took my instrument, and played with all my skill, accompanying it with my voice. The effect it had was wonderful : their fears, by degrees, vanished, and they approached me closer and closer ; and in a few minutes I made them all dance like mad. The tidings of this extraordinary phenomenon flew like lightning into the villages ; from the villages to the towns ; from the towns to the cities ; and in a short time all over the world : so that I was obliged to send for my brothers, to assist me in my great undertaking. Our fame spread far and wide. It was, who could engage us most : and I am happy to say, our labours have been crowned with complete success : for we have not only harmonized, but we have been the means of civilizing the greater part of the globe. Every nation now has its peculiar music and native airs ; which soothe their cares, and makes them all happy : and they bless the hour that chance threw me amongst them—for, say they, Music speeds the plough ; softens the obdurate heart ; and lulls to rest the stormy passions of the soul. I therefore flatter myself the history I have related of my late exile, will have the felicity to convince your Godships how much I have the true interest and welfare of his Majesty at heart, and again restore me to his paternal arms.”

---

## SONG XV.

**The Power of Music.**

TUNE—"When William, at Eve."

WHAT mortal or God can resist Music's charms,  
 When even the savage rock or oak  
 Is roused by its note like a soldier to arms,  
 When enemies his country provoke ?  
 Thus Music, you see, animates the dull soul  
 To courage, to pleasure, or love ;  
 Like divine inspiration from Jove.

The heart of mankind from sorrow's made glad,  
 If I touch but a note on my lyre ;  
 The lover rejoices, though ever so sad ;  
 Or the clown to his heart's desire.  
 Thus, &c.

Though Music hath charms no one can resist,  
 Yet it actuates different ways :  
 For some it lulls to perpetual rest,  
 And some it torments all their days :  
 Thus Music, you see, animates every soul  
 To pain, to pleasure, or love,  
 Like divine inspiration from Jove.



Such wonders I'll do, shall astonish mankind,  
 When the king of the world gives the word ;  
 The moon turn to blood—the sun shall be blind—  
 And all nature, though gay, be absorb'd.  
 Thus, Music, you see, animates the whole world,  
 To pain, to pleasure, or love,  
 Like divine inspiration from Jove.

The dead shall be rais'd—the earth shall dissolve—  
 And even the heavens shall shake ;  
 When that awful day I do resolve  
 By trump : how the nations will quake !  
 Thus Music, you see, shall awake every soul  
 To perdition, to pleasure, or love,  
 Like divine inspiration from Jove.

---

The god of Music seemed to have given universal satisfaction, and was received again into royal favour with tumultuous acclamations. Next to him arose Priapus, the obscene god of Debauchery ; who at first sight appeared a gay, handsome, young fellow ; but upon a closer inspection, his visage bore evident marks of age ; being haggard, wrinkled, carbuncled, and flabby ; which had been hid under a thick mask of paint, contracted and accumulated from a long course of dissipation. He

was accompanied by two dissolute companions after his own heart—Lubentia, the goddess of Pleasure, and Bapta, the goddess of Shame ; when—having paid his respects with much form and ceremony, and in a roving manner glanced his eyes on the ladies—in an effeminate voice he spoke as follows :—

“ Most lewd and voluptuous gods, at my entrance into the grand universe, I thought it most prudent to assume the name, character, and garb of pleasure, by way of taking off that odious and scurrilous epithet and stigma so frequently attached to my honorable profession, which mankind vulgarly call debauchery ; for though mortals have the highest relish or inclination for my alluring pleasures, yet they do not like it to be thought so by the world, under the opprobrious appellation of debauchery. Thus, by the pleasing title of Pleasure, I gained access into the society of all ranks and degrees in life, and became the chief companion of kings and princes, down to the humble citizen. In this state of things I basked in excess of delight ; rolling in the highest circles of fashion and dissipation—keeping the grandest equipages—wore the most sumptuous apparel and appendages—and lived on the choicest luxuries nature and art could produce. In this elevated sphere I turned night into day, and day into night ; rising and breakfasting at noon, dining at midnight, and spending the evening whilst the more frugal and domestic part of the inhabitants, who were not dupes to my snares and attractions, were lulled in balmy repose. Thus I became the head of *haut ton*, and was the principal supporter of all places of entertainment and fashionable debauch. I introduced plays,

operas, balls, masquerades, and notorious pandemoniums; whose votaries having sacrificed oftentimes too freely at the shrine of Bacchus, became an easy prey to the systematic gambler. In fact I have carried on gallantry and intrigue to such a height of excess, that scarce one individual thinks or minds any thing of its baneful consequences, till it is too late to retrieve their shattered fortunes and debilitated health. But the world, even then, laughs at her own folly, and goes on in her old career of dissipation, regardless of her fate, not having the least shadow or sense of shame before her eyes."

## SONG XVI.

### **Debauchery.**

TUNE—" *Every inch a Sailor.*"

---

DEBAUCHERY of every kind  
 Is now the *ton* with all mankind;  
 With young and old, with rich and poor.  
 This prevalent vice is grown so pure,  
 That I roll in luxury and ease—  
 Committing what excess I please  
 On all the world I can seduce  
 To Pleasure's whim; to play the deuce,  
 And make them think they're not to blame,  
 Because they've not one spark of shame.

In carriage gay I rove about,  
 To opera, ball, or faro rout ;  
 Or pass my time in beauty's bower,  
 To kill the dull, slow, pensive hour.

Thus, &c.

Flash streets parade, while Bounce looks big,  
 In whisky, curricie, or gig ;  
 And Squander spends throughout the town,  
 To kick old Hunks's money down.

Thus, &c.

Thus half the world's so deprav'd of late,  
 They'd swear and lie for lying's sake ;  
 To traduce a neighbour, or deceive a friend ;  
 As though their vice would have no end.

Thus, &c.

The god of Debauchery was immediately succeeded by Mercury, the light-fingered god of Thieves. He appeared a slim arch youth, well adapted for his profession ; and was attended by Harpocrates, the god of Silence, and sly double-face Janus ; when, paying his respects with a shrewd look, which expressed vast cunning, he said :—

“ Most juggling, double-face Gods, I am well aware you are up to all my tricks and thievish exploits, and

therefore it is of no use to endeavour to disguise them from you : and, as such, I shall put a bold face on the matter, (and the more so, as I am now your honorable messenger,) and tell you what influence and success I have had in the world since my departure. At first, I thought I should not be able to gain over one votary to my profession. As they were all so honest, or appeared to be so, I could make no impression upon them. At last, I hit upon a plan how to act, which had the desired effect : the first I attacked was a Tailor, who had sworn a solemn vow to Jupiter, never to purloin a bit of cabbage : but I got the better of his conscience one day, as he was cutting out a remarkable fine piece of cloth, of real Spanish wool ; and the fellow has been a thief ever since. I then tried the Doctors : I soon got over their fine feelings ; for I whispered in Gallipot's ear, ' Kill the patient, and you can charge the executors just what you please.' I then turned me to the Law ; but I found (though I did not know it at the time) the major part of them had been most arrant thieves and rogues all their lives. I then bethought me of the Church ; but, as that is a dangerous and tender subject to touch on, I shall simply say, the Parsons did not steal, because there was nothing for them to steal : but I diffused a vast deal of roguery amongst them, which answered the same purpose. I then turned my magical powers on the Fair Sex, and soon made them every thing to my mind I could wish or desire, namely—the greatest coquets and imposters in love, that can be imagined or conceived. They had such arts and contrivances to deceive, and steal the hearts and affections of their poor silly admirers that fell in love with them,



that they certainly must have been blind, not to see the deceptions practised on their credulity : for instead of a Venus, lovely and fair, the Goddess is a complete deception—a made-up doll, whose brilliant attractions and perfections are all borrowed, with the exception of her tongue, from the machinis dentist and tire-woman ; whose compositions she exhibits herself in ; such as false eyes, hair, teeth, complexion, bosom, hips, rump, and the Lord knows what besides, to the highest bidder ; who flatters himself he has got a divinity. But it would make your Godships crack your sides with laughter, to see these poor hood-winked devils the morning after their marriage, when they have discovered, to their great mortification and chagrin, only half a wife : they are ready to hang themselves, when they find this idol of their admiration has fallen down to the imbecile standard of mortality : so they have no one to blame but themselves for being such blind fools.—I therefore will not take up the time of the royal court longer ; but hope your Godships will give me credit for performing my duty to the fullest satisfaction ; as I have made the whole world one common jilt, that does nothing now but impose on one another.”

## SONG XVII.

### **Duplicity.**

TUNE—“ *Ye scamps, ye pads, ye divers.* ”

---

I AM Mercury of renown, inspirer of thieves ;  
Both high life and low do what my pleasure please :

The less by me gets greater—the great gets greater still :  
Thus every one's so eager of the world to have their fill.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Statesman, the Lawyer, the Doctor and Divine,  
Are as great rogues as any of the modern time ;  
They impose on all the world with such sanctity of face,  
Mankind are such dupes, they think they act with grace.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Beau cheats the Tailor—the Taylor cheats the Beau ;  
Like Greek opposed to Greek, are wags alike we know :  
The Prude treats her husband with a pair of horns ;  
To mark him a doting fool, she soon his head adorns.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Adonis cheats the coquet, Miss Minx, her loving spark  
By kissing her before-hand—he thinks it is his lark ;  
Miss Forward cheats her *guardy*, while fast asleep in bed,  
And the farrier the runaways, with a long bill for the wed.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Miser starves himself to death to hoard up all his wealth  
While others leave no stone unturn'd to rob him of his pelf ;  
Perhaps his son and heir, to get his father's soul,  
Would send him to the devil without the least control.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Highwayman so bold, of all others on the lay,  
 Robs more honourable than all, tho' his life so frequent pay;  
 Much more than pads and divers, and crackers of a house,  
 Though in their operations are as quiet as a mouse.

With my tol de doll, &c.

Thus mankind throughout the world are all alike intent  
 On cozening each other, whenever chance present:  
 To do it with a grace, that the deuce can't find it out,  
 They bless their happy stars, and cry, 'What a lucky bout!'

With my tol de doll, &c.

---

The light-fingered God was immediately succeeded by Vulcan, the god of Celestial and Terrestrial Fires. He appeared such an ugly, ill-shaped, black-looking personage, that I wondered in myself how it were possible Jupiter could ever find in his heart to dub such a lump of deformity a deity: but when I reflected he was one of his spurious numerous offspring, it accounted for it. Vesta, the goddess of Fire, and Terror the god of Dread and Fear, attended him. I was, however, most agreeably surprised, though his aspect was in no way prepossessing; as he made ample amends for his deficiency in figure, when he addressed their Godships: for he spoke like an oracle, a speech so logical and profound, that commanded attention and awe. Having paid his respects to the royal court,—“Prodigious, ter-

rific, combustible Gods," said he, "the powers that your Godships have endowed me with, ought to make mankind rejoice, rather than unhappy, whenever I appear to them, if they give the subject the least consideration: as it is from me they derive all the necessities and comforts of life. I am the *primum mobile* of universal nature; and without me, the world would be in a state of torpor, inactivity, and barrenness; were I not to give her my vivifying and animating assistance, to propel her in her course, and give the regermination to vegetation; indeed, the globe itself would be a perfect chaos; and man, the noblest work of the Creator, could not exist, deprived of his chief element and stimulus. Yet so stupid is that animal, in general, that he seldom gives to those things, which most concern his vital interest, the least thought of their utility; but is terrified to death if he beholds me in any formidable shape. I sometimes, not only by way of frightening, but also punishing him for his disregard and unbelief, set the heavens in a blaze, or blow up a city or two that lies in my way: and if it were not for a few of such exploits as these, I should never be known or acknowledged by them. There are, however, some small number of learned and scientific men, whose deep researches have penetrated into the very arcana of nature, to endeavour to enlighten the ignorant world by their experimental and practical knowledge in alchymy and natural philosophy, and display, from the various phenomena, the great benefits I bestow on earth, to make man happy; that it is my power which has raised the fertile islands, with all their shady groves and crystal springs, the flowery meads, and all Nature's rich, ma-



jestic, grand, and stupendous productions—from the diamond that glitters in the monarch's crown, to the lofty rock, whose towering head touches the sky. Thus does man receive from Heaven, through me, that inestimable element, that incomprehensible soul, Fire; which animates and invigorates the mighty universe—man's paradise on earth."

# SONG XVIII,

## **Thunder.**

TUNE—" *Greenwich Pensioner.*"

---

WITH vivid flash and thunder  
 Vulcan strikes the earth below,  
 While all the nations wonder  
 From whence the power flow;  
 Not thinking that 'tis natural,  
 As ordain'd by Jove's decree;  
 But suppose it supernatural,  
 From it's roar and velocity.

Mankind should be more wise,  
 Than believe 'tis Jove that speaks,  
 When thunders rend the skies,  
 Or tremendous volcanos break.



Though awfully grand the sound,  
 'Tis only to clear the air  
 Of the noxious vapours found  
 Hov'ring in the atmosphere.

Which if they are not dispell'd,  
 How would gentle showers fall,  
 To nourish the earth, and yield  
 Its bounty to us all ;  
 Bringing forth herbs, fruits, and flowers ;  
 Bestowing rosy health  
 On Nature's lovely bowers—  
 Man's happiness and wealth.

Thus if the world, like astronomers,  
 Were to study the natural cause,  
 They then, as true philosophers,  
 Would meet with Jove's applause ;  
 Whose power orders every system,  
 For the benefit of man,  
 To revolve in regular succession  
 Throughout the annual plan.

---

This incomprehensible brazen god of Fire and Thunder-bolts was immediately succeeded by Medea, a most noted sorceress. She was attended by two beautiful fe-

male companions, perfect divinities in appearance, named Circe and Bithyæ, that were as great mistresses in the art and mystery of Witchcraft as herself. I really thought, when her name and qualification, and those of her suit, were first announced, I should have seen a set of ugly, wrinkled old hags, full of acrimony and spleen; but, on the contrary, I was most agreeably surprised and delighted; for they formed a trio of beauty and elegance, that could not be surpassed by Juno, Venus, or Diana. Medea having paid her respects to the royal court, in a most graceful and engaging manner, addressed the assembly in a voice so truly enchanting and harmonious, that I found her magical power over me, irresistible.

“Most surprising and bewitching Gods,” said she, “so exceeding weak and superstitious is the intellect and imagination of man, that at my first entrance into the world no one would admit me into so much as a barn belonging to them, much less into their presence; under the absurd notion, that it was through me their cattle died; their pigs danced; their wives and daughters went astray; and children cast up crooked pins. So, to prevent or avert my diabolical power, as they foolishly thought it, they set up a horse-shoe at the threshold of every door; or laid two straws across, as a bar to my entering the house:—nay, even the birch broom was hid, to prevent my riding on it through the air. But latterly, mankind have thrown off those bigotted and ridiculous opinions, since the Cock-lane ghost and Stockwell apparition made their exits: though, in reality, I bewitch them a thousand times more than ever I did. For instance, the sedate religious de-

votee, whom you would suppose could not look a girl in the face, goes from home with a resolved determination to go to chapel; but in his way thither, he casts his eyes on some fascinating angelic creature that comes in his way: that instant his heart gets bewitched, and the chapel may be burnt for him, so long as he can obtain the object of his admiration. The beardless sprig of fashion and dissipation, goes to kill time at those notorious haunts of infamy and ruin, those newly sprung up club-houses, or gaming hells; where the vice of play, with all its train of concomitant horrors, is carried on to the acme of destruction, by every species of alluring infatuation. His luck gets bewitched; and before he leaves the table, not only his ready cash, but too frequently his fortune and life are lost; as by his folly and indiscretion he is driven to misery and despair. The valiant warrior thinks to conquer all before him, because of his vast and well-disciplined army: he comes to an engagement—unforeseen obstacles present themselves—his troops are bewitched, get dismayed, and either run away, or circumstances compel him to make a disgraceful treaty. The lawyer and physician will pretend their whole endeavour and professional skill is for the benefit of their respective clients or patients; but the real fact is, their principal aim is to bewitch the money out of the pockets of their too credulous dupes. Thus this one thing, money, is the devil, that actuates and bewitches all mankind:—but as there is no rule, they say, without an exception, I have one to mention, (which I think your Godships will all agree with me), that bewitches and captivates the senses and imagination of man to extacy of delight—raising his heart above

the power of sordid earthly attraction. Know, then, it is music—heavenly music : her charms, no power or mortal of intellectual sensibility, can resist. Strike up, then, my dear Apollo ! and let thy matchless harmonic band transport my soul to regions of bliss !”

# SONG XIX.

## Witchcraft.

TUNE—“ *Marlborough.*”

---

WITCHCRAFT, some time ago,  
Disturb'd the people so,  
I thought all mad would go  
To find a conjurer out.  
To be sure it would surprise,  
To see the dead arise ;  
Or ghosts and apparitions to talk ;  
Or barrels and clocks to walk ;  
Or broomsticks for to stalk  
The house all round about.

That was the age of wonder :  
But now that simple blunder  
Is entirely put under  
By conjurers more sage,

Who don't delude the throng  
 With such an idle song ;  
 Like those in former days,  
 Who received unbounded praise,  
 The devil to lay or raise,  
 When the deuce a devil raged.

The Witchcraft of the times  
 Is money, love, or wine ;  
 That bewilders every mind  
 Of conjurers of the day,  
 Who scarce believe a God  
 Exists—much less a hobgob ;  
 Attributing all to Nature,  
 As the source of every creature.  
 That's all I can relate, sire,  
 Of Witchcraft's wonderful sway.

---

Midas, who possessed that great and inestimable magnet of attraction, the philosopher's stone, immediately succeeded the goddess of Witchcraft : his aspect was a compound of gravity and frivolity ; but, with all his disguise, (for he wore an enormous Brutus,) he could not hide his ears, which protruded themselves through the sides of his wig, and were of a prodigious size : nevertheless, I found more sense and experience in him



than I had given him credit for. He was attended by the goddesses, Fortune and Envy ; and for this reason—because riches generally excite envy. Having with much formality paid his respects, he began as follows :—

“ Most scientific and mysterious Gods, it would give me great pleasure if, like Asmodeus, by drawing up the curtain of human life, I could exhibit to the sight of this royal court, at one view, the various ridiculous scenes which presented themselves in the world, to mine, of the extreme folly of mankind in their pursuit after the philosopher’s stone—to enrich themselves at once, without further trouble. I am sure your Godships would have been highly delighted at their futile attempts to obtain the secret, which you all know no know one possesses but myself—the power of transmuting every thing I touch to gold. For, after racking their brains, and sweating and toiling, day and night, over huge furnaces, to obtain their object, they were just as near at the year’s end as when they first began their experiments : so that my arrival was no sooner known on earth, than its inhabitants hailed it with great joy ; as they thought they should then soon become as wise and rich as myself : and it was, who could show me the greatest attentions and politeness, to get possession of this magical stone, had I been fool enough to comply with their desires. But, with all their pretended kindness and civility to gain on my good nature, I could plainly perceive it was to answer their own sordid ends, and not out of any love or regard towards my person. I therefore resolved to leave them in the blessed state of ignorance I found them in ; and to quit the

world immediately. This coming to the knowledge of the *posse comitatus*, by what means I know not ; nor do I accuse any one : but I think Mercury must have had a hand in it, from what followed ; for before I could make arrangements for my departure, numberless obstacles were thrown in my way to detain me, in order to get possession of this valuable jewel at any rate. But I was not to be bamboozled ; and gave them to understand I was not the ass they took me for. At this rebuke, they, out of revenge, turned their thoughts to do something for themselves, by art and cunning, to produce the desired effect, and answer the same purpose : and, indeed, (to speak the truth, and give the devil his due,) they have succeeded far beyond either my expectation, or their own, to the very pinnacle of their ambition—for mankind is now grown wise, rich, fat, and luxurious, by the various methods, schemes and inventions they have adopted, and which they now unceasingly practise with all the energy and ingenuity they are masters of ; superseding, in future, any further occasion for the magical power of the philosopher's stone."

#### SONG XX.

#### **The Philosopher's Stone.**

TUNE—"Mind, hussy, what you do."

---

PHILOSOPHERS, of every age  
 Till late years, I've been told,  
 Were never known sufficient sage  
 To turn ev'ry thing to gold.

But now mankind so wise is grown,  
 If you were but to walk the town,  
 Or gad about to ball or rout,  
 You'd find the sharp and cunning out;  
 Who would trick and turn you in a trice,  
     Though ever so wise or bold;  
 And gain your credulity at their price,  
     And turn it into gold.

The courtier fawns to gain his ends;  
     The fop puffs off his shape;  
 The muckworm scarce a penny spends;  
     The black-leg looks sedate;  
 The ladies, to play off their charms  
     To the highest bidders, lovers' arms;  
 Or ogle all at play or ball,  
     To drain the purses of them all.  
 Thus, like a bravo, every soul  
     In the world is grown so bold,  
 They'd sink you to the devil without control.  
     To turn you into gold.

Philosophers are tigers now  
     That prey on all mankind;  
 For not an art or scheme they know,  
     But flats are sure to find.

They practise every where, to drain  
 The dupe's pocket of his golden grain,  
 By whim, or pleasure, vice, or folly,  
 The magnet to decoy poor simple Johnny :  
 This is the stone philosophy,  
 So mysterious to unfold,  
 That gives the world such power, you see,  
 Of turning all to gold.

---

The next that succeeded the god of Philosophy was Charon, the renowned ferryman of hell : he had a ruddy, chubby face ; but rather indicating to ferocity and surprise ; with a long, shaggy beard ; and his limbs were much deformed and contracted, apparently from hard labour. He was attended by two well-known characters, named Ixion and Sisyphus ; for whom, from motives of compassion, he had obtained from Pluto a cessation of toil on that day, by way of holyday. Having, in a very uncouth style, paid his respects to the court, he began as follows :—

“ Most hard-worked and tormented Gods, it would be presumptuous in me to pretend to give, from my own personal knowledge, the smallest account of the state of the world ; as my abode in it was of so short a duration : for my principal object in going thither, was merely as people go to the country, or watering places, for a little recreation and fresh air ; so that the information I am enabled to lay before your Godships arises

more in the way of my profession, than from any occurrence that came under my observation during my stay. Having so much business on my hands, I was obliged to return, as soon as possible, to my employment: there I toil and drudge from morning to night, without the least intermission:—not but I well know it brings grist to my master's mill almost faster than he knows what to do with it, or where to stow the rubbish that is hourly pouring in upon him. Yet I recollect the epoch, when I have staid for a whole day together, and not had more than one fare all the time: but that was when true piety and virtue reigned throughout the world. So that master began to despair, seeing that his dominion, and power was likely to be at an end; and he instantly dispatched his diabolical emissaries all over the world, to spread the contagious flame of vice and irreligion as much as possible. Accordingly, they had not been long on earth, before they soon found out the extreme weaknesses and propensities of mankind—how easy they were to be led astray by the false representation of happiness and show of gaiety. So, availing themselves of the opportunity that presented itself, immediately set up, and opened, all kind of places of entertainment for the encouragement of vice, under the appellation of pleasure and pastime, as a relaxation from the cares of the world, to draw them from the path of virtue and rectitude. This had the desired effect; and in a short time nearly turned the heads of the whole mass of population, from sedateness and rationality to carelessness, bigotry, and folly: so that religion is now become a mere cloak, to impose on one another. Thus, in consequence of the power of Lucifer over the senses



and actions of mankind, by his bewitching spells, the shades and spirits of mortals come in such gluts, that I have frequently been in fear of my boat sinking. But what is most extraordinary, and makes me often very merry at their expence, is to see the consternation and grimace of my passengers; for they cannot believe their own eyes, even when they are in my wherry—still thinking they are on the road to heaven, and chattering so loud of their charity, piety, faith, virtue, and conscientiousness, and in fact all their good actions; but the devil a bit do you hear any thing of their bad ones—no, no, not a word: ‘Then,’ says I, ‘my good people, you have made a woful mistake, somehow or other;—this is the highway to hell, and not to heaven.’ At this, it would make an Egyptian mummy jump out of its skin, to see their affectation and surprise. Some pretend to be fainting; others are sea-sick; and some smell worse than a badger; and all at the thoughts of Tartarus for their past infernal actions, when they have been labouring so hard all their lives long to obtain so enviable and desirable a situation, by all the devilish pranks they could invent. However, I soon landed them, to their comfort and consternation, and put off again for more. ‘Egad!’ says I to myself, ‘I’ve a precious time of it—here is all the world and his wife a-coming! What! no cessation night nor day! Damme, I don’t know who the devil would be a devil, now-a-day.’ Mercy upon me, how the strand is thronged again with horrid spectres, and ghastly ghosts!—how my ears are stunned with the cry of, ‘Waterman! waterman!’ ‘Who are ye—who are ye, you ragamuffin crew?’ says I. We are devout Jews, Turks, Christians, Mahometans, Pa-

gans, Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Freethinkers, Jumpers, Quakers, Deists, &c. &c.' 'Aye, aye,' says I, 'I see what you all are: you are a set of damned atheists;—you never believed there was a God, much less a devil: but I'll be d——d if I dont soon bring you to old Lucifer himself—ha! ha! ha!' This is the fatal end of all that do not attend to the commandments of Jove, and walk in the paths of virtue and truth!"

SONG XXI.

**Ferryman.**

TUNE—"Fiddle a little."

---

OLD Charon tugs from morn to night  
 Without the least intermission,  
 To bring worldly sinners, in a fright,  
 To hell with expedition,  
 Before Beelzebub, their prince of sin,  
 To suffer shame,  
 Torment and blame,  
 For vice he seduced them in,  
 Against Jove, on high,  
 Whom they defy,  
 And set his laws at nought;  
 But now damn themselves  
 For stupid elves,  
 While I laugh to see them caught.

But Nick shews them the way,

Where soul and body pay

For every wicked sin :—

For lying a little—for swearing a little—

For cheating a little—for thieving a little—

For praying a little, and pimping a little—

To please their devilish whim.

'Twould make you stare to see what gluts

I every hour take over

Of Christians, Jews, Turks, and hypocrites,

And some that's ne'er one nor the other.

They hail my boat with such a toss,

And grimace and leer,

With ghastly air,

As I ferry them across :

Then down below

They headlong go,

Ne'er more to rise again ;

But gnash their teeth,

For disbelief,

With everlasting pain :

But Nick soon shows the way

Where, &c.

If you were there this sight to see,

'Twould make your blood run cold ;

Which I pray to Jove may never be,  
 For Indian mines of gold ;  
 For if mankind were to consider  
     What's vice or pleasure,  
     Or the richest treasure,  
     To endless flames for ever,  
     To be lash'd and scourg'd  
     By fiends immerg'd  
 In perdition's dreadful woe ;  
     Rejected by Heaven,  
     Ne'er to be forgiven,  
 For being Heaven's foe.  
     Thus vice leads to the way,  
     Where soul and body pay  
     For every wicked sin :—  
 For lying, &c.

---

Charon, the ferryman, having resumed his seat, was immediately succeeded by Æolus, the god of the Winds. He appeared a most powerful deity, and next in consequence and state to Jupiter himself. Neptune, the mighty god of the Ocean ; and Vibia, the goddess and protectress of Wanderers, attended him ; when, having paid his respects to the throne, in a voice that broke on the ear like peals of thunder, though with great affability in his demeanour, addressed the august assembly as follows :

“ Most noble Gods, rulers of the elements and passions of man, on my entrance into the grand universe, I found mankind so extremely whimsical and capricious in their dispositions and imaginations, that I could compare them to nothing so much as to the element his Majesty has been pleased to give me the prerogative and control over. Nay, they even exceed the winds in changeability, by such sudden gusts of irregularity, that you would swear, at times, they were mad. For let the mind of man be ever so tranquil and serene, enjoying all the happiness and pleasure his heart can desire, or the world bestow—yet, in one moment, without the least preparatory for the turn of a straw, his passions are roused like a tempestuous wind, or boisterous sea, with un governable emotions—the rudder of wisdom having no effect—but hurrying on the weak deluded intellect as a defenceless bark on the foaming billows of a tremendous storm, till it is either cast away on the quicksands of false honor or licentious love, or dashed to pieces on the destructive rocks of ruin and shame. Thus is man actuated as fortune or whim blows the various gales of life. Now, it is really almost too contemptible, please your Majesty, and beneath the dignity your Majesty has invested me with, to hint at their insane singularities, much less to mention them : only that it becomes necessary for my justification, as well as explanation to this royal court, to state how I passed my time ; that these puffed-up boasters—these demi-gods—should not glory in their supposed strength, and carry off the palm of victory, my just right, by triumphing in their weakness, when they ought to give me the praise and glory that is due to my high rank and station, for forbearance



and kind offices—when their very existence emanates, is upheld, and depends on me—were they to reflect on this, their lofty crest and flighty passions would sink into oblivion, whenever the fit was about to seize on them; and they would then have a sensibility of their own insignificance compared to my mighty power and influence over all creation, and acknowledge my superiority—that nothing that has life could exist without my aid; well knowing that I am the vital spring of universal nature, and fill all space—that the celestial as well as terrestrial bodies require my animating, invigorating breath to give them life and motion—that it is my power that sustains the mighty universe—that it was my power that drew from chaos the countless millions of worlds the eye beholds in the expanded arch of heaven, placed them in their respective orbits, and propels them in their courses to this hour. That wonderful abyss, the stupendous deep, Neptune's vast empire, would cease to roll, and become a stagnant, putrid gulph, and all her finny tribes, from the huge Leviathan to the humble shrimp, swim no more, were I not

To fan the gentle breeze,  
Or blow the briskful gale;  
To swell the silver wave,  
And fill the bended sail.

The fertile globe, the Earth, that most bounteous, prolific womb of Nature, no longer yield her rich, luxuriant, nutritious fruits for sustenance to mankind; but all had been one barren heath; and her delightful vales, which were wont to ring with the voice of gladness, and the enchanting notes of the feathered songster; whilst the happy swain, tired with his daily labour, enjoys my

cool, refreshing zephyrs, that play around his head as he reclines on mossy bank beside his humble cot ; where, listening to the sweet accents of love, or shepherd's pipe, he forgets his toils. Thus man, though last, not least, in his Maker's estimation—his grandest, noblest master-piece of all creation—without my salubrious breath, had returned to his parent-clay again. But, taking into consideration the imbecility of the world without my aid, I have compassion on her and all that is therein—exerting at all times my utmost efforts, in conjunction with Neptune, for her benefit and advantage—to promote her industry, to protect and encrease her commerce, and every blessing that lays in my power to bestow—whilst Vibilia is not behind-hand in rendering her assistance to guard and cheer the weary traveller and benighted wanderer on his way through his labyrinth of adventures, and restore him safe to his native home.

## SONG XXII.

### **The Pleasures of Home.**

TUNE—" *Top-sail shivers, &c.*"

---

I BLOW high, blow low, the tempest steer  
 On land as well as sea ;  
 Make every heart to quake with fear,  
 That does not value me :

But those who do,  
 I love most true,  
 And protect them from all dire alarm ;  
 To return once more  
 To freedom's shore,  
 Safe from every harm.

The Sailor ploughs the roaring main,  
 In hope that he, one day,  
 For toil shall reap the golden grain,  
 Ne'er more to go to sea.  
 Then with joy he views  
 The mount's blue hue,  
 Or the lovely cot his Poll adorns ;  
 As there from strife  
 He's moor'd for life,  
 Safe from every storm.

The Soldier treads a foreign land  
 To revenge his country's cause ;  
 'Till every foe that made a stand,  
 He subdues to revere her laws.  
 Then with joy he returns,  
 Whilst his bosom burns  
 With ardent love for his Sally's charms :  
 As there from strife  
 He's canton'd for life,  
 Free from War's alarms.

The Merchant runs most hazard oft  
     Any that plough the main ;  
 But yet the cherub that sits aloft  
     Brings him safe back again,  
         With cargo rare  
         Of dainty ware,  
 To add to the world a greater zest.  
     And then from strife  
     He lives a life  
 Of happiness and rest.

Thus every soul from pole to pole,  
     That's driven by wind or tide,  
 In temper or elements uncontrol'd,  
     I'd wish them for to glide  
         In some smooth stream,  
         Where more serene,  
 Man jogs through life with greater ease  
     Not to soar in height  
     Above their might,  
 Lest they are lost in storms or seas.

---

The god of the Winds having taken his seat, Som-  
 nus, the torpid god of Sleep, next arose, apparently as  
 though just aroused from a drowsy sleep. Morpheus,

the god of Dreams, and a Genii, attended on him; when, having paid his respects to the throne in a kind of half-and-half sort of way, between sleep and awake, after a few yawns, he began as follows :—

“ Most lethargic and visionary Gods, since my egress into the habitable globe, my mission to influence mankind has succeeded to the utmost of my most sanguine wishes, even beyond my expectation : for so great is my magical power now grown in the grand universe, that I can throw all nature, but particularly the human species, into a state of insensibility as long, and whenever I please. Thus I make man, as the saying goes, not live above half his days—the other half being consumed or passed away by the power of my enchanting sceptre, which throws a veil or imaginary vision over the senses of delusive pleasures or propensities, by flattering the vanity or inclination that is most congenial to the feeling and desire of the individual ; bewildering his weak intellect with chimeras of the most extravagant nature and tendency possible, so as to cause him to believe the illusions he beholds as real and substantial, when, in fact, they are nothing but deception. The rest of the world, both animal and vegetable, I cause to enjoy their natural repose. But man must do something out of nature to signalize himself from the rest of creation—I mean the rich and great, or those men that have nothing to do but kill time, or exist by their wits ; whose brains are continually on the rack of invention, to know how to live, or what to do with themselves. These gentry, to exhibit their supposed pre-eminence over the sober and middling classes of society, turn day into night—retiring to rest, when the glorious sun is break-



ing forth to adorn the heavens with his splendor—whilst the more useful part of mankind are aroused to their various occupations and pursuits of industry, having enjoyed sweet repose and pleasant dreams, as I always guard and protect them throughout the night by my most faithful and ever valuable servant the good Genii.

SONG XXIII.

*Visionary Fancy.*

TUNE—"O the foolish marriage vow."

---

WHEN sable night the world o'er spread,  
 And lovely Nature lays absorb'd,  
 I number mortals with the dead ;  
 And before their eyes' imagination record  
 Some to golden dreams or dreams of love ;  
 Some of ghosts or hobgoblin ;  
 Some pay their court to me as Jove,  
 Whilst others enjoy pleasure, sport, or whim.  
 Thus I represent, by visionary spell,  
 The alluring follies of the day,  
 Or what deed or thought in man excel,  
 As in balmy sleep profound he lays :  
  
 The Lover dreams he has his lass ;  
 The Miser that he's lost his pelf :  
 The Justice, though he's quite an ass,  
 Dreams no one's so learned as himself ;

The Warrior dreams he's in battle slain ;  
 The Coward that he's won the cause ;  
 The brave Jack Tar, he boldly maintains  
 His Country's honor, and her laws.  
 Thus I represent, &c.

The Glutton dreams he's at a feast ;  
 The Physician that he fingers the fee ;  
 The learned Serjeant he's daub'd in the fist,  
 To make the cause slip easy, you see ;  
 The Rustic dreams he's at a fair ;  
 The Gamester that he's made a purse ;  
 The Coquet dreams there's none so fair,  
 Or beautiful in the universe.  
 Thus I represent, &c.

The world is such, that ev'ry one dreams,  
 Now, according as his int'rest lay :  
 Thus the poor man to the rich man leans,  
 Whilst he so mighty rules the sway ;  
 To influence all the world to him,  
 As though he was a king or god ;  
 Like slaves to obey his capricious whim ;  
 To be always ready at his nod.  
 Thus I represent, &c

---

The god of Repose was next succeeded by Aganippe, goddess of the Fountain of Inspiration which flows from Mount Helicon. She was attended by Melpomene and Thalia, the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy; whose contrast rather surprised me, when I found they both drank from the same lucid, bewitching stream: but I soon discovered it distributed different gifts, according to the dispositions or qualifications of its votaries. She appeared a lady-like Goddess, with a most affable and agreeable mien; when, having paid her *devoirs* to the throne, she addressed the learned assembly as follows:—

“ Most sublime and imaginary Gods, I had not long entered the grand universe, before I found mankind to be an odd, strange sort of animal; head-strong, ill-conditioned, selfish, quarrelsome, and as illiterate and stupid as the ass; with as little notion of raising his thoughts above the surface of the Earth, as that brute—with the exception of a low cunning which they possessed to an eminent degree, to impose on one another. In this state they would have continued, till death had finished their miserable existence; had I not taken compassion on them, and invited them to drink of the waters of my inspiring spring; which having once tasted, your Godships would have been astonished to see the vast alteration and effect it made in a short time on their manners, language, readiness of thought, and expanded ideas: indeed, you would have taken them for a different order of beings; for, from the dull stupid creatures they were before, they emerged at once to the sprightly and gay, full of mirth, vivacity, and wit; with all the elegance and grace of accom-

plished scholars, orators, and poets ; and which change has since raised up a lasting monument of the powers of genius and science, to adorn the grand universe, and hand down to posterity its exalted excellence. Every house now teemed with musical and poetical effusions : and this new improvement, which was intended for their benefit, would probably have put a stop to all husbandry and manual labour, for the sustenance of the world ; as no one, in a short time, would have tilled the ground or brewed the ale, had I not hit on an expedient to make different degrees amongst them ; which had the desired effect of remedying the evil which was likely to have desolated the world. For every one, from the school-boy to the ploughman, was intoxicated with the mania : so that we had poets of all denominations, both tragical and comical, from the laureat royal to the Grub-street bard ; there were the epic, heroic, dramatic, elegiac, descriptive, epistolatory, pastoral, and a great many more ; but, to say the truth, although divided classically into so many parts, very few came up to the true standard of either : but I flattered them all, making them truly happy with themselves ; and, as such, keep upon good terms with every degree. For too many think, because they sip a little of my enchanting beverage, they are inspired and perfect masters of the poetic art, capable to perform any difficult task ; but your Godships know to the contrary, that unless men are born poets, it is not their drinking of my waters will make them so ; though they acquire a trifling smattering, and may superficially pass, in the society of those that know no better, as extraordinary and surprising prodigies : but only let them be put to



the test of examination of some of my choice critics, who have drank deep of my animating spirit to imbibe knowledge, and they will soon turn them up, as you would select a white crow from a black one. Thus have I gone on from day to day; and am, in consequence, esteemed and caressed by them all. But there is a matter of great importance, and which requires your Godships interference, to put a stop to by the strong arm of power, or in a short time we shall have no poets at all. There are a set of unprincipled knaves in the world; fellows that fatten and live by other men's works, and who claim all the merit of the performance to themselves, when they have robbed the poor bard of his labours by every mean, contemptible artifice in their power; and which, to my certain knowledge I could enumerate countless instances of. But I will not take up the valuable time of this august assembly, by intruding longer on your Godships kind indulgence, than to state a few glaring facts, well known in the literary world as common occurrences that take place almost daily, and which may be relied upon as indisputable truths of these marauders or jackals, who are the base hirelings of some managers of theatres, and publishers of periodical and daily prints, who make it a profession, and get a handsome livelihood, by surreptitiously and artfully getting into their possession the productions of the poor bard's brains; and frequently under the plausible pretext of rendering him a service. But alas! alas! the world may be at an end before he, poor devil, receives any remuneration for his genius, or ever gets his manuscript out of their hands, until they have abstracted all the pith that is answerable to



their purpose; and then they return his performance as imbecile—not hitting the taste of the town; when, in a short space of time, to his great mortification, surprise, and astonishment, he sees its appearance in the world disguised under a new title and authorship—whilst its true parent is either starving in his garret, or lingering out a wretched and miserable existence in a jail: thus merit too often gets rewarded. But I trust your Godships will not suffer these invaders—these sacrilegious robbers of the Muses and private property, to go unpunished; but that you will make an example of them suitable to the enormity of the offence, as a warning to all future literary plunderers, who shall dare to enrich themselves, clandestinely, at the expence of talented men's mental abilities:—for, as a most eminent and celebrated bard has observed, and which speaks volumes of truths, and with whose sentiments I shall conclude:—

“ He that steals my purse, steals trash ;  
 “ But he that robs me of my good name,  
 “ And intellectual fame,  
 “ Leaves me poor indeed !”

#### SONG XXIV.

#### *Imaginary Knowledge.*

TUNE—“ *Saturday Night.*”

---

IMAGINATION now in the world bears mighty sway ;  
 For not a mortal on the globe but by it's powers stray ;

By flighty whim and fancy, to regions far above,  
 Their comprehensive ideas to trace the source they love.

Yet every soul,  
 From pole to pole,  
 Imagines his knowledge bears the bell ;  
 In scientific,  
 Or hieroglyphic,

All other wits excel :  
 And for quickness of thought, flatter themselves,  
 Have got inspiration's spell.

Each city, town, and village, without exaggeration,  
 Swarms, like a hive, with poets of all denomination ;  
 There's historical, allegorical, and astrological besides,  
 With lyrical, satirical, and imaginary scribes :

Who my power invoke,  
 To play the joke  
 On all the world, heaven, earth, or hell ;  
 That are dupes enough  
 To swallow their stuff ;  
 Thinking their knowledge all others excel :  
 Because they puff in their mighty works,  
 They've got inspiration's spell.

Thus all the world alike are poets in their turns,  
 Actuated by inspiration, as inclination burns ;

By love, beauty, wit, or nature ; by sorrow or tragedy ;  
 By joy, hope, fame, or flattery ; by music, or comedy.  
     Thus ev'ry soul,  
     From pole to pole,  
 At times in fancy all others excel ;  
     When whims prevail,  
     To fill the sail  
 Of conception's lofty swell ;  
 Every one for ideas flatters himself  
 He has got inspiration's spell.

---

The goddess of Inspiration was immediately succeeded by Pluto, the renowned god of the Infernal Regions. He appeared like a fiery meteor, in one blaze from top to toe ; so red-hot, that I began to be alarmed lest he should set the royal court in a flame, and reduce to ashes Jupiter's splendid temple in the conflagration. But when I saw no ignition took place, and his person also did not consume away, but that he sat as pleasantly and comfortable, as any of his compeers, my fears subsided ; and, like the flimsy fabric of a dream, instantly vanished into air. He was accompanied by Proserpine, his lovely and beautiful queen ; and Minos, his principal judge ; when, having paid his respects to the throne in an impressive and pathetic manner, he addressed their Godships as follows :—

“ Most debased, ill-used, and degraded Gods, having received his Majesty's commands to visit the grand uni-

verse ; to examine into the state of the world ; and to exercise, if necessary, my diabolical schemes and machinations on its inhabitants ; I thought it most advisable to call a council of my peers, to devise the best ways and means for that purpose. Accordingly, after a long and warm debate, it was unanimously decided and recommended I should ascend from my volcanic empire, not in my *propria persona*, but in disguise ; lest my appearance should do more harm than good, by frightening and alarming mankind, and thus defeat the object I had in view. But then the difficulty that presented itself to surmount, was in what form it would be best or most suitable to make my *entrée* : for, from thousands of opinions, none could be elicited without the exception, that to assume any heterogeneous shape, would the sooner lead to my discovery, and possibly cause me to be driven back, or kicked out with shame and disgrace. So, as I had the power of invisibility and could fly on the wings of the wind, I instantly determined to take no peculiar semblance ; but trust to chance, and take advantage as circumstances and opportunity might offer for my acceptance ; as by that means I should be prepared at all times for the worst, or whatever might occur. Having thus arranged my plan of operation, I set out on my enterprize, one dark stormy night, in a violent tornado ; and arrived on *terra firma* instantaneously, like lightning. Its inhabitants took no notice of what had taken place, further than as a common occurrence :—for it is a trite observation, or expression, amongst them—‘The Devil has been in a high wind to-night.’ Little did they think, your Godships, that it really was so : and, as such, no suspicion



attached to me. I now proceeded to look about me : and, as I could transport myself from place to place in an instant, and assume any shape I pleased at pleasure, I had every facility I could wish or desire in my power, even to deceive the imps which were in my employ ; and who were stationed over the whole face of the globe, waiting my arrival : so that I had my eye on any lazy rascal or traitorous scoundrel, unseen. But I found, to my great joy and satisfaction, they had done their duty well, and that little remained for me to do ; save and except, as an experienced general, to reconnoitre some few towns and cities that opposed themselves to my will and authority ; set my out-posts, and applaud and reward the indefatigable zeal and industry of my agents and soldiers fighting under my banner. For mankind, of late, is grown so passionately fond of my bewitching pleasures, that they have my name continually in their mouths, and apply it on almost every occasion and action of their lives ; making me accountable for their acts, when, in reality, I have had nothing to do with them : but that is their art and cunning, by way of colour, as a cloak, to cover their gross follies and propensities. For even in the common transactions of life, if any thing goes wrong, it is always attributed to me as the author ; and the whole blame thrown on my shoulders. Thus your Godships see they do not care a damn who the devil suffers, so long as they themselves get out of the scrape, scot free : but I will reek my vengeance on this canting crew—these hypocritical apostates—the very next, and all future cargoes Charon imports into my sulphurous domains. They shall not insult and traduce my august and venerable name with



impunity—no, no: I will punish and torment them as long as a limb remains unconsumed.

SONG XXV.

**The Devil pays for all.**

TUNE—"Nancy Dawson."

---

IN the world such pranks I play  
 With mankind, both night and day;  
 Spurring them on to swear, and say  
     The Devil makes me do it.  
 Yet don't you think it is a shame,  
 Thus to abuse my exalted name,  
 That's mounted on the throne of Fame;  
     But, damme, I'll make them rue it.

At play or opera, ball or rout,  
 They kick my name like smoke about;  
 And swear that if their sport's put out,  
     Old Beelzebub has done it.  
     Yet, &c.

At church, or chapel, with a grace,  
 They pray with sanctity of face,  
 Under a cloak their sins to erase,  
 For the Devil makes them do it.  
     Yet, &c.

If blows arise, and death ensue,  
 Or suicide cut off a few,  
 In bidding of the world adieu,  
 Exclaim—the Devil did it.  
 Yet, &c.

Thus young and old, rich and poor,  
 Though vice and folly they adore,  
 Lay every sin at my door,  
 For the Devil makes them do it.  
 Yet don't you think it is a shame  
 To abuse my exalted name,  
 When Mankind only are to blame?  
 But damme, they shall rue it.

---

Pluto, the prince of Darkness and scorpion of Tartarus, was immediately succeeded by Historia, the chaste goddess of History. Her countenance beamed like the sun, full of radiant sweetness, elegance, and grace: she was attended by her inspired and faithful muse, Clio, and supported by the fair goddess of Truth; who stood, unrobed, without a blush, a celestial form of divine perfection: for she required not the aid of dress to set her off, but was most lovely in her native charms. The royal court was moved with veneration and respect at such unparalleled excellence; and as a token of their

high esteem, requested the ladies to be seated. But Historia, with all reverence due, said :—

“ Nay, my lords ; permit us with submission first to pay our homage to the throne, and to recount our mysterious travels and adventures in the world—the topic of the present day with all mankind. That done, we then will take our seats, but not before ; for I have much to say that claims the attention of your royal ears, of vast and vital interest to us all, our state and dignity—as it regards our very existence. For I must a tale of truth unfold, however disagreeable to refined and delicate sensibility, of what the Fates have long decreed, and Sacred Writ foretold—the downfall of our kingdom and our race—unless a champion can be found to espouse our cause and defend our illustrious dynasty, to avert the direful catastrophe that menaces our destruction. For know, most mythological Gods, the world has found us out, and all our tricks, and make of us their common sport and ridicule in every town and city in the universe. Their venal licentious bards bawl us through the streets in miserable rhyme, and sell us for a penny to the vulgar crowd ; who make their jeer, and treat us scandalously, in language foul, and call us all but Gods. They declare we are nought but a set of imposing cheats, vile poltroons—fellows that have done nothing all their lives but boast—that all our valiant exploits and meritorious actions, are a tissue of braggadocio and extravagant bombast, got up to deceive mankind—that if any part of our vaunted history be true, it is that only of our beastly amours, horrid murders, thefts, and riotous, drunken, gluttonous revels—that they place no confidence in either what we say or do, nor care for our power and

authority a fig; but lavish on us the most opprobrious taunts. They call your Majesty the notorious, lecherous old goat of Mount Olympus—that your queen set the odious fashion to the ladies of wearing yellow stockings—that the brave and wise Ulysses was a hen-pecked cuckold, whose faithless rib produced that spurious, heterogeneous animal, Pan—that his father, Mercury, was such an infamous thief, a halter was too good for him—that Venus was an ugly old hag; and her darling, sprightly, amorous boy, a blind pimping young rascal—that the gigantic labours of Hercules, and the noble feats and achievements of the chiefs and heroes at the siege of Troy, were most infernal lies—that the chaste goddess, Diana; and the spotless virgins, the lovely Muses and Graces, are all a pack of graceless, fornicating hussies. In short, to sum up the black, degrading catalogue of our pollution, and blast our laurels and renown for ever, they swear we are, one and all, a nest of lying, worthless, debauched vagabonds, whose words no one will believe on oath: so that we have entirely lost our once unrivalled reputation in the world—were it not for some few poor devils, called poets, who, from their necessities, adhere to us, and keep the mention of us still alive for their daily maintenance; whose brains (if they have any) the public say are crazed:—and really, to speak the truth, I believe that to be the fact; for they give us indescribable trouble, dancing us about without mercy, like puppets at a fair, to do their drudgery and dirty work for their pitiful and miserable subsistence, without the least commiseration or regard to our exalted station. But thanks, eternal thanks, to our wise and noble patroness and defender,

the valiant and intrepid Minerva, whose penetrating eye watches over our destinies ; and whose brave and dauntless arm shields us from approaching danger. She has found for us, in our calamitous distress, a virtuous poet and historian—a man who honors and respects the Gods who will rescue and protect our immortal fame from the impending infamy, shame, and disgrace that assail it. The pen of a ready writer is in his hand, and he will give to posterity an unsophisticated narrative of facts, in an ingenious work of whimsical imagination : which I pray the Gods to render him all the assistance and support in their power, to help him through his arduous task and the good cause ; that our benign and powerful sovereign will command the Muses, assisted by the Graces, to dictate the sublime and energetic subject—Minerva to shed her effulgent influence on his head—Truth to guide his pen—and our dear and beloved Apollo to inspire and cement the theme by his harmonious and enchanting powers ; whilst our good Genii will guard and protect the immaculate history from perfidy and violence. Thus prepared and equipped, our golden age will revive and flourish like Spring, and we shall have nought to fear. Therefore rejoice ! rejoice ! 'most illustrious, enlightened, virtuous Gods of renown, we have a giant in arms in our just cause ; one who will renovate, raise, and defend our ancient and honorable name, rank, and glory in the world, and restore again our royal and celestial genealogy to its God-like splendor."

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## SONG XXVI.

**Romance.**TUNE—" *Maid of the Mill.*"

HISTORY now in the world is got  
 The wonder of the sage ;  
 For unless it's like a romance wrote,  
 'Twill never go down with the age.

Mankind is so fond of extravagant whim,  
 They like it in History's page ;  
 But naked truth is always too grim  
 To ever go down with the age.

Thus every work that's good to see,  
 With truth in every page,  
 By the present maxim of philosophy,  
 Is scoff'd at by all but the sage.

It must be a subject of magnitude great,  
 That can man's passions assuage :  
 So I recommend to the world, as a treat,  
 Imagination's whim of the age.

There they'll find, if they study, genuine worth  
 In every succeeding page ;  
 The moral between, the contrast of both ;  
 And that's beneficial to the age :

Which if man adopts, (but the world is such,  
 They despise every thing that is sage,)  
 Then wisdom and virtue will flourish as much  
 As the predominant follies of the age.

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At length, the various Gods, Goddesses, Heroes, Heroines, and Nymphs of renown, that had returned from their respective missions, having given in a narrative of the discharge of their several duties, exploits, and adventures in the world, Jupiter once more arose from his royal throne, amid the joyous shouts and acclamations of his loyal and loving compeers and Demi-Gods and Goddesses assembled, with all the pomp and magnificence of an Eastern monarch for majesty of deportment, superbness of attire, and splendid retinue, in the gayest and richest habiliments the eye ever beheld. Waving his hand with an air of becoming dignity, a general silence ensued throughout the temple, whilst his Majesty, after a short pause, in which he bowed most gracefully to the whole assembly, addressed them in the following laconic, emphatic, and brilliant speech :—

“ My royal brothers, peers, dignitaries, and loving subjects, it gives me inexpressible pleasure and satisfaction to meet and welcome so full an attendance, this night, to our annual ambrosial festival. After the fatigues you

have undergone, and the bold and enterprising manner in the which each of you have distinguished and signalled himself with vigilance and activity in the grand universe; I am convinced of your loyalty, attachment, and esteem to my person, crown and dignity. Accept, therefore, my most sincere thanks of gratitude, and my warmest feelings of affection for the same; as likewise this poor entertainment which I have provided for your reception—though not in value a tenth part adequate to your several unparalleled merits.”

[Immediately, as if it were by magic, a sumptuous banquet arose before the grand assembly consisting of the most delicious viands and choice fruits Nature or Art could produce, and Nectar only fit for Gods: served up, with the greatest elegance and taste, in massive vessels of fine gold, beautifully embossed, with the achievements of the Gods, and studded with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and all kind of precious gems in every imaginable rare device, whilst his Majesty continued to proceed :]—  
 “As likewise for your unremitted exertions in your several respective offices; which will not only redound to your perpetual honor and glory in the world; but will indelibly imprint on my heart a lasting sense of your zeal and worth, and which will ever ensure my future countenance and protection, *ad infinitum*.”

Jupiter having concluded his complimentary address, and resumed his seat, the grand band of Apollo immediately struck up, ‘God save the King,’ with astonishing spirit and sweetness; and continued playing in the most exquisite style of excellence, except at intervals for refreshment, the remainder of the evening. Joy now diffused itself through every heart; and all

was harmony, festivity, and glee; each God striving to excel his brother in good humour and mirth. Momus contributed much to the entertainment by his peculiar pleasantry and wit; whilst Bacchus was not deficient in replenishing the bowl. Toasts, sentiments, and repartees now flew around in great abundance; till the grand assemblage of Deities, and even Jupiter himself, were more than half-seas over:—for

Choice Nectar flow'd in oceans round the bowl,  
And deluged care in every drooping soul.

In this romantic, elevated sphere, no one knew any bounds to his voluptuous excess of pleasure. What with the luxury of the repast—the rich and bewitching flavour of the nectarous juice—together with the enchanting harmony of the celestial band, and the engaging manners and agreeable converse of the Gods—my brain was inebriated with such superlative delight, as to transport my very soul to regions of extacy:—in fact, I was so much out of my element, and so raised above myself by this God-like carousing, that had I been in the happy vallies of Elysium, as one of its most distinguished and highly favoured elect, I could not have partaken of a more boundless sense of felicity.

But as real and permanent happiness does not consist or exist in flighty whims of imagination, or romantic scenes of pleasure, for any series of time, without we put our trust in the All-wise Omnipotent God, who is the wonderful Fountain of Life, and from whom we receive every good gift; and whose bounty is unbounded and universal to all his creatures; so my high, imaginary



happiness was of short duration : for a curious incident arose of an extraordinary nature, which I shall hereafter relate, that plunged me, at once, from my exalted sphere of ambition, honor, and glory, to the low and grovelling state from whence I sprung—putting a period, in one instant, to all my foolish aspiring notions of grandeur and vanity. Thus how soon is the cup dashed from the lip by some unforeseen accident or event, even at the moment of enjoying its delicious sweets. So fell the dauntless, aspiring Cæsar, whose towering ambition knew no bounds—like the bold, intrepid eagle, who fearlessly flies in the very face of the sun, and fancies the stupendous arch of heaven scarce large enough to expand his ponderous wings—levelled with the dust—thus vanished my short-lived glory. May the sequel be a memento to vain greatness, as will be seen by the following as wonderful and extraordinary a transition, as I soared to so conspicuous an elevation.

Ye thoughtless tyrants, upstarts of a day,  
 Reflect on chance, and let not pride o'ersway  
 Your vaunted reason, lest your greatness fall,  
 Beneath your power ever to recall.

Being in the highest glee and good humour with the Gods, the time passed merrily away at the jovial board, having regaled myself sumptuously with every delicacy the entertainment could supply. But as the eye or appetite of man is seldom satisfied, as the proverb justly remarks, though he has satiated to his heart's desire ; so, to speak the truth, proved my folly : for a lovely peach presenting itself, of a beautiful hue, to my



roving fancy, I put forth my hand to seize the delicious morsel that tempted me ; when, at the instant, I felt a violent twinge on the cheek, that completely roused me from my delusive trance. What was my surprise and astonishment, I shall leave the Reader to guess, to find the whole court of Gods, and my late elevated rank and glory, like the baseless fabric of a dream, vanished from my sight. Yet it was some consolation, for the loss of my late unparalleled exaltation and happiness ; and cheered my dejected spirits, to find myself, once more, safe landed, and well in my lovely bower ; where, to my great amazement, I had lain profoundly wrapped in the arms of balmy sleep the whole night ; and very possibly should the following day, had it not been for the above unlucky incident to my imaginary fancy—though the contrary to my human and mental faculties—for, whilst in the act of revelling in the most superlative felicity, the heavenly animating sun had illumined the celestial canopy with its refulgent glory—all nature was gay, and roused to the business and employment of the day, like the busy industrious bee, who was the innocent cause of liberating me from my lethargic confinement by the following curious accident, putting forth my hand, as I said before, to grasp the enticing object of my wishes, though contrary to the fable of the Dog and Shadow—for, grasping at the delusion, I squeezed a fine full-blown damask rose, that grew on the side of my bower, wherein was this harmless industrious insect, extracting liquid sweets against the dreary day of famine. Irritated by instinct, (and not from malice or revenge,) as the adage justly remarks—‘ Tread on a worm, and it will turn ;’ in like manner for such an unprovoked insult, though

undesignedly, she immediately stung to the quick the author of so gross an outrage. Strange as it may appear, this occurrence, so trifling in itself, was the means of restoring me again to my right senses, and the world; and thank God, through the serenity of the night and the warmth of the season, I imbibed no harm from the midnight air, nor any material injury from the accident. Thus I returned, once more, rejoicing and praising the Divine Creator, as I passed along to my happy home, for all his late mercies bestowed; whilst my lovely disconsolate wife and sweet little babes, with anxious impatience, were waiting my return; which caused a scene truly pathetic:—for oceans of bliss and heart-felt joy and satisfaction, far beyond the power of my pen to describe, at beholding, in perfect health and spirits, their too long lost father. Words are inadequate to express the fond kiss, and soft embrace, of true love; or the sweet tear of sensibility and affection, that flowed from every eye.

Search the world around,  
No place can be found  
Where true joys abound,  
To compare to home.

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Having at length recovered from the interesting interview, and taken some refreshment, still having the effect of the trance in my imagination before my eyes; and being full of reflection and meditation at so wonderful an event as had transpired to my bewildered fancy; I immediately withdrew to my study, to commit the extraordinary occurrence to paper; which as I proceeded in, all my past vision came afresh to my mind.

At the same time, a voice like unto thunder, entered my ears, as though from Divine command, pronouncing with an emphatic dictation—‘ Publish the things thou hast seen and heard, for the information and edification of man.’ I instantly set to work ; and, thank God, through his assistance and support, have, to the best of my knowledge and recollection, been able to impart to the grand universe every particular circumstance and transaction of moment that transpired to my flighty and romantic imagination—which, to the morality thereof, if mankind pay due and proper attention, they will in the end despise and abhor the prevalent vices and follies of the age—adore religion and virtue, and laud God alone.

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SONG XXVII.

**Gratitude.**

TUNE—“ *Barbadoes Bells.*”

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Now, one arduous task is o’er,  
 Another more difficult to endure  
 Presents itself ; but I’ll implore  
     Your Godships’ approbation.  
 But should my request too bold appear,  
 From the world my muse will disappear,  
 To distant climes to shed a tear  
     In silent contemplation.

But smiles of applause I begin to trace  
 In the lineaments of every face ;  
 Therefore shall not meet that disgrace—  
     Which gives me consolation.

Thanks to the Gods for this last deed  
 Of charity, when I stood in need,  
 To help me through my doubts with speed,  
     To receive your approbation ;  
 That shields me from base Envy's tongue,  
 Who would wish to poison every one  
 That is not, like herself, undone  
     And lost to reclamation.

But, as my pains are crown'd with bays,  
 My prolific brain shall ever praise  
 Your judgment, with ecstatic lays  
     And heart-felt admiration.



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